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THE

VISIONS

OF

DON FRANCISCO

DE

QUEVEDO

VILLEGAS,

Knight of the Order of St. JAMES

Made *Engliſh* by

Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*, Kt.

Corrected and Compared with the Original, by a GENTLEMAN who lived twenty-five Years in *SPAIN*.

To which is added,

The MARRIAGE of BELPHEGOR.

A Diverting NOVEL, Tranſlated from the *Italian* of *MACHIAVEL*.

By the ſame Gentleman.

Here Knaves *and* Fools *are variouſly diſplay'd,*
Their Follies, Vices, and their Tricks pourtray'd.

LONDON:

Printed for *Edward Midwinter*, at the *Looking-Glaſs* upon *London-Bridge*.

TO THE READERS.

GENTLE *and* SIMPLE HIGH *and* LOW, RICH *and* POOR, ONE *with* ANOTHER.

A Book without a Preface, looks as awkward as a Spaniard *without his* Cloak, *a* Woman *without a* Hoop-petticoat, *or a* Beau *without a* Tye-wig, Sword, *and* Snuff-box: *And tho' this Preface is partly for* Fashion-sake, *to* fill a Space, *and please the* Bookseller, *who says it is neither* usual *nor* handsome *to leap immediately from the* Title Page *to the* Matter, *yet the Readers will find in this Treatise a* Specifick Remedy *for the* Spleen, *variety of* pleasing *and* useful *Subjects to spend a Summer's Evening or a Winter's Night, and may gather from it many* profitable Instructions. *For this is a* Satyr, *that takes the* Corruption of Manners, *in all* sorts *and* Degrees *of People, without reflecting upon any* particular States *or* Persons: *It is full of* Sharpness *and* Morality, *and has found such good Encouragement in the World, that it wanted only* English *of being baptized into all* Christian Languages.

So that in short, a Preface *you have, together with the* Reason *of it, both under one: But as to the* ordinary *and* common Pretence *of* Prefaces, *the* Publisher *desires to be excused; for it goes against his* Conscience *to tell a* Lye, *and he declares it were a damn'd one to say, that he has ushered this into the World, either to gratify the Importunity of Friends, or to oblige the Publick, or for any other Reason of a thousand, that are commonly given in Excuse of Scribling. The Motives that urged him to it, are best known to himself, and yet he will*

not say they are so secret and close, but that any one may hit upon some of them; and he does freely own that what had the most material Sway with him, was pure Spite. For he has had bad Treatment and hard Measure from the Physicians, the Apothecaries, the Women, the Lawyers, and their numerous Train of Attendants, &c. and Don Francisco de Quevedo in English, Revenges himself upon all his Enemies.

The Marriage of Belphegor, which is hereunto annexed, is a very Satyrical, and at the same time a very diverting Novel; and reckoned by Gentlemen of the most exquisite Taste and Sense, to be the best in its kind that ever was writ: And indeed how can it be otherwise, when it is the Production of the Famous MACHIAVEL, who was one of the most Eminent Men in his Way, that ever put Pen to Paper.

Some look upon it as a Satyr against Matrimony in general, and particularly on the Female Side: But such Persons betray their want of Judgment and Penetration; for it is levelled only against Extravagant and profuse Wives, who regardless of their Husbands Prosperity and Welfare, value not to what Inconveniences they reduce them, nay, even to the lowest Poverty, provided they can have their own Pride, Grandeur, and Luxury supported for a while.

There is a great deal of good Morality in this Novel, and Men are thereby instructed to make choice of such Wives, as are prudent and moderate in their Expences; and not to match into such Great Families who will Expect to be maintain'd according to their Quality, though perhaps they bring very little, or any Fortune with them. It is also a Lesson of good Instruction to Wives to be thrifty and careful, and not (as the Proverb says) to over-run the Constable,

To Conclude, The Readers may if they please, reap Pleasure and Profit from this Book, enough to delight the Mind, and improve the Understanding; and those Qualities ought to be their Care, as well as every Author's Design.

FAREWELL.

THE FIRST VISION, OF THE *Algouazil* (or *Catchpole*) *POSSESS'D.*

GOING one Morning to hear Maſs (according to Cuſtom) at a Convent in this Town, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the Door ſhut, and a vaſt Concourſe of People begging and preſſing for Admittance. I could not imagine *what the Matter was*; but upon Enquiry, was informed that a *Demoniac* was to be *exorcis'd* or *diſpoſſeſs'd*; that is, he was to undergo the Diſcipline of *having the Devil come out of him.* This made me joyn with the Crowd in hopes to ſee the Ceremony, though to little Purpoſe: For when my Guts were almoſt ſqueez'd out in the Throng, I was glad to obtain my Liberty and think of retiring to my Lodgings. At the End of the Street I had the Fortune to meet with a familiar Friend of the ſame Convent, whom I acquainted with my Curioſity; upon this he bad me follow him, which I did till he brought me through a little back Door into the Church, and ſo into the Veſtry,

where we saw a sort of a Gallows-look'd Fellow, with a speckled Hankerchief about his Neck; his Cloaths all in Tatters, his Hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most frightful manner. Bless me! quoth I, what have we here? This (says the religious Father, who was to do the Job) is a Man possessed with an *evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd confounded Lye* (with respect to the Company, says the Devil) for this is not a Man possessed with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possessed with a Man: Take care therefore what you say, for it is plain by the Question and Answer that you are a Company of *Sots*. We *Devils* never enter into the Body of a *Catchpole* or *Bailiff*, but when we are forced to it, and in spite of our Teeth, and therefore if you would speak properly, say, this is a *Devil catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole be-devil'd*. And to give you your due, you Men can deal better with *us Devils*, than you can with the *Catchpoles*; for *we fly from the Cross*, and they use it as a Cloak for their Villany.

But tho' we differ in our Humours, we agree in our Offices: If we draw Men into *Judgment*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an Encrease of Wickedness, so do they, but more zealously than we, for they make a Livelyhood of it, and we do it only for Company sake. And so the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own kind, and devour one another. For our Parts we are Angels still, though *black ones*, but *the very Corruption of Mankind, is the Generation of a Catchpole*; and so, good Father, it is but lost Labour to ply this Wretch with *Reliques*, for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches, In fine, *Catchpoles* and *Devils* are both of an Order, only the *Catchpoles* wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and *we* go barefoot, like this Reverend Father.

I was very much surprized to find the *Devil* so great a *Sophister*; but his chopping Logick signified nothing; for the Holy Man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to Stop the *Spirits* Mouth, flung a Bason full of *Holy Wa-*

ter

r on his Face. This made the *Demoniac* rage ten imes more than before, and he roared ſo loud that he eaſened the Company, and made the Ground under us o tremble. What, ſays he, do you imagine that this Extravagance is owing to the Effect of your *Holy Wa-er?* let me tell you that *Maids Water* or any other *Wa-er* would have done the ſame thing; for your *Catchpoles* ate nothing in this World more than *Water* [eſpecially hat of a *Chamber-pot* or of a *Grays-Inn-Pump.*] In hort, they are ſuch a deſpicable Part of the *Dregs* of Mankind, that they have quitted the very Name of *Bai-iffs* for that of *Catchpoles*; the latter being of *Cannibal Extraction*, and more ſuitable to their Manners.

Come, come, ſays the Father, we muſt not believe or iſten to what this Villain ſays; for if he is ſuffered to go n, he will arraign the Government, and the Miniſters f Juſtice, for keeping the World in Order, and Sup-reſſing Wickedneſs, becauſe it Spoils his Market. No nore of your Court-flattery, good Mr *Conjurer*, ſays the *Devil*; but if you will do me a good Office, diſpatch ne out of this curſed *Catchpole*, for I am a *Devil* of Re-utation and Quality, and ſhall never be able to bear the Affronts and Reproaches which will be caſt in my Teeth t my return to Hell, for having kept this Scoundrel Com-any. All in good time ſays the Father, yet not for thy own ake, but in Compaſſion to this miſerable Creature: but tell ne, why do you torment him thus? Becauſe, quoth he Devil there is a Conteſt between us, which is the reater Devil of the Two.

The Conjurer did not reliſh this Dialogue, as being ll of extravagant and malicious Replies, but to me it as very Savory, becauſe it was ſeaſon'd with ſo *much ruth*; and turning to the Prieſt, I ſaid, *Good Father*, have a great Inclination, with your leave to ask the De-il a few Queſtions, and who knows but a Man may be e better for his Anſwers, tho' contrary to his Intention. y Requeſt was granted, and the *Devil* went on with is Babble. Well, ſays he ſmiling, the *Devil* ſhall

never want a Friend at Court, while there is a *Poet* within the Walls; for they do us many a good turn by *Pimping* and otherwise. But if you, said he, should not be kind to us, [looking wishfully upon me] you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I asked him what Store of Poets they had? whole Swarms, says he, nor is there any Thing in Nature so pleasant as a Poet, during the First Year of *Probation*: He comes loaden with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiors, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, and *Minos*.

What, said I, is their Punishment? (for I began now to make the *Poet*'s Case my own.) Their Punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are various; some are condemned to hear others Men's Works, (and this is the Plague of Fidlers too.) Some are beating their Heads, and biting their Lips, in a Rage that they cannot come to a Resolution whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether, *Jail* or *Goal*! whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus* a *Rabbit*. Others are at their *Wit's End* for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and walk musing in a brown Study till they drop into a Hole, and then they gives us trouble enough to draw them out again. But your *Comick Poets* suffer most, and are far the worst, for making Whores of so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage; and coupling Ladies of Honour with Footmen, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays. Now we lodge these with *Petty-foggers* and *Attornies*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging and Cheating. As to the Discipline of Hell, you must understand that we have the most expert *Quarter-Masters*, insomuch that let them come in *Battalions* or Squadrons, as it happened t'other Day, every Man is in his Quarter, before you can *count Six*,

There came to us several Tradesmen, the first was a poor Rogue, who made Profession of *drawing the long Bow*;

Bow; and we would have placed him among the Armorers, had it not been moved and carried by one of the Company, that ſince he was ſo good at *Draughts*, he ſhould be ſent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*, a ſort of two-leg'd Animals that will fit you with *Draughts* good and bad, of all ſorts and Sizes, and to all Purpoſes. Another called himſelf a Cutter, but neither in *Wood* or *Stone*, but in *Cloth* and *Stuff*, in plain Engliſh, a *Taylor*, and we turned him among thoſe who were in for *Detraction*, and for *cutting large Thongs out of other People's Leather*. There was a *blind Fellow*, who would fain have been among the *Poets*, but for Likeneſs-ſake we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him came a *Carrion-hunter*, or (as he ſtiled himſelf) an *Undertaker* or *Upholder*; then a *Cook*, who was troubled in Conſcience for ſelling *Rats* for young *Rabbits*, and *Horſe-fleſh* for *Veniſon*: theſe we ſent among the *Paſtry-Men*. Some *crack'd brain Fools* we diſpatched among the *Aſtrologers* and *Alchymiſts*, and one notorious *Murtherer* we packed away to the Gentlemen of the *Faculty*, the *Phyſicians*.

Broken-Merchants we kennelled with *Judas*, for making bad Bargains: *Trading Juſtices* and *corrupt Miniſters* with the *Thief* on the Left-hand, and *Brokers* and *Stock-Jobbers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole the Oeconomy of Hell is admirable, where every one has his Station according to his Condition.

You mentioned *Lovers* ſaid I, have you any of them in your Dominions? Love, ſays the Devil, is like a Spot of Oyl, and diffuſes it ſelf every where and conſequently enough of 'em in Hell. But there are ſeveral ſorts of *Lovers* among us; Some dote upon *themſelves*, others upon their *Money*; theſe upon their own *Diſcourſes*, thoſe upon their own *Actions*; and perhaps once in an hundred Years, comes a Fool that dotes upon his own *Wife*; But this is very rare, for the Jades commonly bring them to *Repentance*, and then the Devil may go whiſtle after them. But for Sport, (which we

ſometimes have in Hell, commend me to your *gaudy Meſſieurs*, who by their variety of Colours and Ribbons, (Favours they call them) one would ſwear were a kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love and Money at the *Mercers*. Others are ſo over charged with *Peruke*, that you can hardly know the Head of a *Beau* from the ordinary *Block* of a *Farber's Shop*: and ſome you would take for *Penny-poſt-Men*, by their Jacquets and Bundles of *Love Letters*: and theſe we employ upon ſingeing their own Tails, for ſaving better Fuel. But oh! the pleaſant Poſtures of the *young Gallant* Lover when he practices the *Gentle Leer*, and Embraces the Air for his Miſtreſs! Other are condemn'd for *Feeling* and yet never come to the *Touch*; theſe paſs for a kind of *Buffoon Pretenders*, ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Feſtival*; and ſome, often like *Judas*, undone with a Kiſs.

One Story lower is the abode of *contented Cuckholds*; a naſty poiſonous Place, ſtrewed all over with the Horns of Bulls, Rams, *&c.* Now theſe know their Deſtiny ſo well be forehand, that they never *trouble their Heads* about the matter. The next are the *Admirers* of *Old Women*, and theſe are Wretches of ſo depraved an Appetite, that if they were not tyed up, and in Chains, they would embrace the very Devils themſelves; and put *Barrabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For whatever you may think of a Devil, he paſſes with them for a *Molly* and are fond of him.

So much for your Curioſity, a Word now for your Inſtruction. If you would create a Friendſhip in Hell you muſt give over that Roguiſh Way you have got of abuſing the *Devils* in your Pictures, Shews, and Emblems: One while we are painted with *Claws* and *Talons*, like *Eagles* or *Griffins*; at an other time we are dreſſed up with *Tails*, like ſo many Hackney-jades with their *Fly-flaps*; and now and then you ſhall ſee a *Devil* with a Coxcomb. Now I will not deny but ſome of us may paſs for *Hermits* and *Philoſophers*; and if you can help

us

us in this Point, we ſhall be ob'liged to you, do *one good Turn for another*. There is another Thing we take Extreamly ill, which is, that in your ordinary Diſcourſe to every Raſcal you are apt to call him *Devil*: As for Example, ſee how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has ſpoiled my Suit? How the *Devil* of an *Exciſeman* has overcharged me? what Trouble and Expences have I been at, by Means of that *Devil*, an *Informer*, &c. and now let me tell you this is very ill done, and no ſmall diminution of our Quality to be ranked among *Taylors*, *Exciſemen*, and *Informers*, a Company of Scandalous Slaves, that ſerve us in Hell only for *Bruſhwood*; and are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all. Ye have an other Trick of giving every thing to the *Devil* that diſpleaſes you which, I aſſure you we take very unkindly. The *Devil* take them, ſays one, a valuable Preſent, I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has ſomething elſe to do, than to take and carry away all that is given to him, if they come of themſelves, let them be welcome. Another gives that Whelp of a *Footman*, or *Valet de Chambre*, to the Devil; he thanks you for your Love, but he will have none of your *Footmen*, nor *Valet de Chambres*, a Pack of Rogues that are commonly worſe than the Devils themſelves. I give that *Quaker* to the *Devil*, cries a Third. Thank you for Nothing; for a Quaker will chouſe a Devil, and foil him at his own Weapons. Some again are for giving a *Presbyterian* to the *Devil*; but he has always proved ſo cruel where he has got Footing and Power, that he has made the *Inquiſition* bluſh, and therefore we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a preſent to the Grand Signior of *the Repreſentatives of his Family*.

Here the Devil ſtopt ſhort in the middle of his Carreer, and as their happened ſome Words, between two conceited Coxcombs, which ſhould give place to the other? I turned about and caſt my Eye upon a certain *Project-Monger* that had ruin'd a Friend of mine; and to revenge my ſelf, in ſome ſort, upon this *Aſs* in a *Lyon's Skin*, I asked the Devil whether he had not of

that sort of *Blood-Suckers* among the rest, in their Dominions. You know very little, says he, if you do not know that these Vermin are the Sons of Perdition, and claim Hell for their Inheritance. They are now at this Instant in Consultation about laying a *Duty* upon the Highway to Hell; but Payments run so high already every Man being *taxed* from the Crown of his Head to the Soal of his Foot, that we begin to apprehend, we shall quite lose our Trade and Commerce. But if they ever bring this Project to bear, we shall make them dance to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than Hell it self to them; for they can have no Retreat, having been expelled *Paradise* and *Purgatory* already. This Generation of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the Way to Heaven it self. Oh! quoth the Devil, that had been done long since if they could have got Bread to their Porridge by it; but tho' they have an Agent abroad for these Twelve Years, yet he is glad to dine at a Two-penny Ordinary still. But upon or what Reason do they intend to levy these *Imposts*? For what Reason, quoth the Devil, there's one of the Trade standing at your Elbow, can tell you all: pointing to my Friend the *Project-Monger*. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damnably out of Countenance, that pulling his Hat over his Face, he sneaked away like a Dog that had lost his Tail. You see, quoth the Devil, and smiled, my Voucher is gone, but I think I can say as much to this Point, as he can. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-necked Ladies*, *Hoop-petticoats*, *Short Cloaks*, *Spanish Wooll*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris*, more than what is necessary and decent; upon the *Tour a la mode*, and *gilt Chariots*, and Excess in *Apparel* and *Collations*; upon *Balls*, *Masquerades*, *Operas*, *Assemblies*, *Italian* and *French* Comedies, and in General, upon whatever tends to promote the Interest of our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court,

or

or ſome *Trading Juſtice*, or other good Magiſtrate to help us out at a dead Lift, and ſtick to us, we may e'en pack up our Awls; and you will find *Hell* as empty as *Weſtminſter-Hall* in the *Long Vacation*. Methinks, ſaid I, I ſee nothing in all this, but what is reaſonable; for all theſe *Fopperies* and *Fooleries* ſerve only to corrupt good Manners, ſtir up vicious Appetites, promote and Encourage all Sorts of Debauchery, deprave our Judgment, and pave a ready Way to the Devil.

But you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Magiſtrates, I hope, ſaid I, there are no Judges in Hell! you may as well imagine (quoth the Spirit) that there are no Devils there: For let me tell you my Friend, that corrupt Judges are the great *Spanners* that ſupply our Lake; for what are thoſe Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Barretors*, *Proctors Attorneys*, *Advocates*, and *Barriſters*, that come ſailing to us every Day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of ſuch Judges! nay ſometimes in a lucky Year for *Cheating*, *Forging*, and *Forſwearing*, we can hardly find Casks to put them in.

Would you, quoth I, infer from hence, that there's no Juſtice upon the Face of the Earth? Yes, quoth the Devil, for *Aſtræa* is fled long ſince to Heaven. Do you not know the Story? No, ſaid I. Then I will tell it to you, quoth the Devil.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Juſtice* travelled hand in hand reſolving to take up their abode upon Earth, but the one being *naked*, and the other ſevere and plain dealing, they could not meet with any Body who would give them a Reception. At laſt, when they had wander'd like Vagabonds from one Place to another, Truth was glad to take up her Lodging with a Mute; and Juſtice, perceiving that her Name was much uſed for a Cloak to Knavery, and that ſhe her ſelf was in no Eſteem, took up a Reſolution of returning to Heaven. In order to prepare for her Journey, ſhe bad Adieu to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country, where ſhe met with ſome few poor ſimple Cottagers,

gave her Entertainment: But *Malice* and Perſecution found her out in the End, and ſhe was baniſhed from thence. She preſented her ſelf in many Places, and People asked her, *who ſhe was?* She anſwered them, *Juſtice*; for ſhe ſcorned to tell a Lye for the Matter. *Juſtice?* ſaid they, *we know her not, tell her here's nothing for her*; and upon that they ſhut the Door in her Face. At theſe Repulſes ſhe took Wing, and flew to Heaven, hardly leaving ſo much as the bare Print of her Feet behind her. However her Name is not forgotten, and ſhe is ſtill called Juſtice; but call her what you will ſhe makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*, an *Exciſeman*, or an *Informer*. To ſay the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that Height, that Men employ all the Faculty of Soul and Body to rob and deceive. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket and ſhews you a Law for it; the *Mercer* gets your Money by wheedling Words, and fair Speeches; the Lover cozens you with his Eyes; the *Orator* with his Eloquence; the *Soldier* with his Arm; the *Muſician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Apothecary* with Sickneſs and Health; the *Fortune-teller* with Calculations and deluſive Promiſes; the *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Phyſician* with Death it ſelf. In ſome ſort or other they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the Name of *Juſtice*) abuſes you with his whole Man; he *watches* you with his *Eyes*, *follows* you with his *Feet*, *ſeizes* you with his *Hands*; and accuſes you with his *Tongue*: In fine, put it into your *Litany*, from *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos*, *Domine*.

How comes it, ſaid I, that you have not coupled the *Women* with the Thieves? for they are both of a Trade. Not a word of *Women*, quoth the Devil, if you love me; for we are ſo deafened with their eternal Clack, that we ſtart at the very Thoughts of them: tho' to ſay the Truth, *Hell* where no ill *Winter Quarter*, if it were not ſo over-ſtocked with that ſort of Cattle. Ever ſince the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, they have employed their whole Study to improve themſelves in Subtlety

and

and Malice, and to ſet us together by the Ears among our ſelves; but this Comfort we have, that they are acheaper Plague to us, than they are to you: For we have no *Exchange*, *Opera* or *Play-houſes*, *Hide-parks* or *Aſſemblies*.

You are well-ſtored with Women, I find; but of which ſort have you moſt, ſaid I, *Handſome* or *Ill-favoured*? of the *Ill-favoured*, twenty for one, (quoth the Devil;) for your *Beauties* can never want Gallants to lay their Appetites; and many of them when they have got their Bellies full, quit the Sport, repent and eſcape: Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favoured* with a pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench their Flame, they come to ſuch Skeletons, that they are enough to affright the Devil himſelf. I carried one the other Day of Three-ſcore and Ten, whom I took juſt in the Nick, as ſhe was upon a certain Exerciſe to remove *Obſtructions*: And when I came to Land her, poor Woman! what a terrible fit had ſhe got of the Tooth-ach! but upon ſearch the devil a Tooth ſhe had left in her Head.

What Store of Beggars have you in Hell, ſaid I? *Poor People* I mean. *Poor!* quoth the Devil, who were they? I hope, ſaid I, who have no *Poſſeſſions* in the World. I find none of their Names, quoth he, in our Books; for how can they be damned who have nothing in the World, when Men are only damned for cleaving to it: And take it from me my Friend that he who has nothing to truſt to, ſhall be forſaken by the Devil himſelf. Where have you worſe Devils than Flatterers, falſe Friends, lewd Company, envious Perſons; or than a Son, a Wife, a Brother, or any Relation, who lie in wait for your Life, that they may come into *Poſſeſſion* of your Fortune, who while they *mourn* over you in your Sickneſs, wiſh you were already at the Devil? Now the *Poor* are neither flattered nor accompanied; there's no gaping for their Poſſeſſions; and in ſhort they are a ſort of People who live well, and die better. They fear no

Judgments

Judgments or Executions, pay no Taxes on publick Du ties, nor take any Thought for to Morrow: They ſet a juſt Value upon their Hours, are good Husbands of th preſent, and conſider that what is paſt is as good as dead and what's to come uncertain. But they ſay, *when th Devil preaches*, the World is near an End.

The divine Hand is in this, (quoth the Holy Father who performed the Exorciſm.) Thou art the Father o Lies, and yet deliver'ſt Truths, able to mollify and con vert a Heart of Stone. You are miſtaken, quoth the Devil if you imagine that your Converſion is my Buſineſs, fo I ſpeak theſe Truths to aggravate your Guilt, for y are all a pack of *Hypocrites*. Thou art an *Impoſto* quoth the Prieſt, and I find you have a Mind to make u looſe time: I conjure you therefore in the Name of the mo High to leave tormenting this Man, and to hold th Peace. The Devil obeyed, and the good Father turn ing to us, ſaid, my Sons, remember that *Saul* (tho' a wicked Prince) propheſy'd; and that Honey has bee Drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw the and I will make it my Prayer, that this wretched Spectа cle may lead you to a true Sight of your Errors, and i the End to Amendment of Life.

THE

THE SECOND VISION, OF *Death* and her *Empire.*

REflecting one Day upon the Folly of ſpending one's Life in Groans and Complaints under the Apprehenſion of *Death*, when we may enjoy our Hearts at Eaſe, and poſſeſs our Souls with Repoſe and Comfort; I was carried from one Meditation to another, till at laſt I fell faſt aſleep, and had the Entertainment of the following Comedy.

The firſt Scene was opened by the Enterance of a Troop of *Phyſicians*, marching ſometime ſlow, and ſometime faſt; they were wrinkled and withered about the Eyes, and their Counterances ſowr, which I attributed to their looking into the *Piſs-pots* and *Cloſe-ſtools* of their Patients.

After theſe followed a Brigade of *Mountebanks-Apothecaries*, laden with *Suppoſitories*, *Peſtle* and *Mortar Spatula's*, *Glyſter-pipes* and *Syringes*, ready charged and as deadly as a Gun-ſhot; and there were faſtned to a Belt round their Waſtes, ſeveral *Boxes* and *Gallipots*, with this Inſcription, *Remedies without, and Poyſon within.*

within. Well, thought I, when a Patient comes t
die, the *Apothecary's Mortar rings the Passing-bell*
and we may not improperly call their *Shops Purgato*
the *Persons Hell*, their *Patients* the *Damned*, and the
Masters the *Devils.*

These *Apothecaries*, (who are Lackeys to the Phys
cians, and, like Bravo's, will dispatch twenty People i
one Day at the Word of Command, provided they a
well paid for it,) were in *Jacquets* which reached n
lower than their Hips, and were embroydered all ove
with R's, in the Form of the first Character of th
Doctor's Prescription, which some say signify *Rogues*
but the Physician says, that ℞ stands for *Recipe, Tak*
thou; nevertheless, upon Examination we find it t
stand for *Recipio, I take my Fee.* Next to this Figur
they write *Ana, Ana*, which is as much as to say, *an Ass*
an Ass, for believing what they say; and after this marc
Ounces and *Scruples*; the former to dispatch the Body
and the latter to put their Soul in the High-road t
Hell; and the Rear is brought with *M. f.* which b
Interpretation signify *Miserable Fools.* Thus they de
lude their credulous Patients, and laugh at them int
the Bargain; and indeed to hear them muster up thei
Simples, you would swear they were raising so many
Devils. There's your *Opopanax, Ruphthalmus, Oxyla-*
pathum, Alexipharmicon, Tetrachymagogon, &c. by all
which unintelligible *Jargon*, they mean no more than a
few Roots, as Carrots, Turnips, Pasnips, and the like
and a little simple Water, sweetned and adapted to the
poor Patient's Pallate: But let us remember the old
Proverb, *he that knows thee will never buy thee.* Oh!
said I, what Fools are Men, who will take from one o
these Fellows a Drug made of *Man's Grease*, disguised
under the Name of *Mummy*, and *Man's Dung* fictiously
called *Castor*, when at the same time the *Devil* would
not venture to take a Glyster from one of their Hands!
Oh! these cursed and lawless Disposers of our Lives!
who, without Conscience or Religion, separate our

Souls

ouls and Bodies, by their *Portions*, *Bolus's*, *Phlebotomy*, nd *Emeticks*.

At ſome Diſtance (as a *Cohors de Reſerve*) came the *ſurgeons* armed with Pincers, Cathetors, Diſquammaories, Saws, Sciſſars, *&c.* accompanied with the dreadul Out-cry of *Cut*, *Slaſh*, *Tear*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*; which put me into ſuch a Fright, that my Bones were eady to creep into one another, for fear of falling under heir Hands.

The next that came in, I took at firſt View for Deils in Maſquerade, till I ſpy'd their Chains of rotten eeth, by which I concluded they were *Teeth-drawers*; nd theſe are a Parcel of Scoundrels, good for nothing ut to depopulate our *Mouths*, and pick Quarrels with our *Gums*: Fellows, that will ask twice as much for rawing an old Tooth, as would purchaſe a New one.

Well, ſaid I to my ſelf, ſurely we are now paſt the worſt, unleſs the Devil himſelf comes next; and in that very Inſtant I heared the thrumming of *Guitars*, and the ſqueeking of *Fiddles*, I'll be hanged, ſaid I, if theſe are not a Kennel of *Barbers*, and ſo it proved; nd I muſt confeſs, I was not a little diverted to ſee hem lathering of *Aſſes Heads*, of all Sorts and Sizes, nd their Cuſtomers wincking and ſputtering over their aſons.

Immediately appeared a *Rookery* of loud and tedious alkers, that deafened all the Company. Some of them were called Swimmers, from the Motion of their Arms n all Diſcourſes; others they called *Mimicks*, and theſe nade a thouſand antick and ridiculous Geſtures in deriſion of others. The next where *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Diſſention*; their Eyes always rolling, and leering over their Shoulders, to ſurprize People at unawares, nd gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* followed next, who were as well fed as *Chaplains*, nd as well cloath'd as a Nobleman's *Pander*. After theſe ame a Rowte of *Medlers*; an inſolent Generation of Vipers, that will have a Finger in every one's Pye, and

are

are the Bane of honest Conversation. I wondered w
they came so late, and one of the Fablers told me (unas
that as this Kind of Serpent carries its Venome in
Tail, so it was but reasonable, that being the most
sonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the R

While I was considering what could be the Mean
of this *Hitch-pitch* of People of various Conditions
Humours meeting together; I was suddenly di
ted by the Appearance of a Creature, that seemed to
of the Feminine Gender, her *Make* was thin and slen
and she was laden with *Crowns, Scepters, Garla*
Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hobnail-shoes, Straw-h
short Cloaks, Mitres, Embroideries, Gold, Lead, D
monds, Shells, Pearl, and Pebbles; she was dressed u
all the Colours of the Rainbow, one Eye was shut,
the other open; Youth was seen on one side of her
and old Age on t'other. When I had stared a while u
this fantastical Figure, I at last asked, what she w
she answered. I am *Death*. Death! quoth I, (
the very Word made my Blood run cold in my Ve
but taking Courage, I said, (with the most profo
Respect and Humility) whither is your Honour goi
no further, said she; for now I have found you
at my Journey's End. At these Words my Heart fai
me; alass! alass! said I, must I die then; No,
she, but I will take the Quick along with me. Get
then, and never hang on Arse for the Matter, for w
you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of y
Teeth. This put me in a cold Sweat, nevertheless
I started, and desired leave to put on my Breaches:
matter for Cloaths, says she, for no Body wears th
on this Road; then up I got without any more to
and followed my Leader, but in such Terror and C
fusion, that I could not take a strict Account of
Passage, but I remember I said, Madam, with S
mission, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have
than an *Egg's like a Nut*; our *Death* is drawn wit
Scythe in her Hand, and a *Carcass* of Bones, as cl

if the Crows had pick it. I know that very well, says e, turning short upon me, but your Painters are but ompany of Puzzards. The *Bones*, you talk of are *e miserable Remainders of the Living*, and you your lves are your own *Death*, and what you call *Death*, *but the Period of your Life*: and effectually, ye *die* ing, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* s left, and committed to the Grave, and ye are *Skele-ns* before you are aware.

But, Madam, said I, making a low Bow, what may l these be, that attend upon your Ladyship? and nce you are *Death*, how comes it, I pray you, that e *Fablers* and *Make-bates* are nearer your Person, and ore in your good Graces, than the *Physicians*? Why, ys she, more People are talk'd to Death, and dis-atch'd by *Fablers*, than by all the Pestilential Di-eases in the World; and your *Make-bates* and *Fablers* ll more than the Physicians; tho' to give the Devil is due, I must own that the Gentlemen of the Faculty lour Night and Day for the Enlargement of our Em-ire. And though *distemper'd Humours* make a Man k, yet 'tis the *Physician* that kills him, and he expects o be well paid for't too, and 'tis fit every Man should ve by his Trade. I must tell you, my Friend, you are ery much imposed upon in your *Weekly Bills of Mor-ality*, when they tell you that so many died of a *Fever*, *Consumption*, *Small-pox*, *Gout*, *Stone*, &c. they should ave said in one Sentence, so many *died of the Doctor*. However in one Point I must acquit the *Physician*; that s your *Tradesmen* and other Fellows are flurg with the tch *Title* and *Vain glory*, and therefore must be called our *Worship*, yet the *Physician* is content with the *Ho-our* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Fortunes*, without roubling himself about any other sort of Reputation: Not but if it should rain *Dignities*, he might be per-uaded to venture the *Wetting*.

By this time we were entering into a Place betwixt ight and Dark; upon one side of the Passage, I saw

Three

Three moving Figures, arm'd and of *Human Shape*, so alike that I could not distinguish one from anoth Oppolite, on the other side, was a hideous Mons and these *Three* to *One* were engaged in a fierce and stinate Combat. *Death* halted, and facing about as me, if I know these People? No, Madam, quoth and I bless my Stars that I do not, and I hope I ne shall; And yet said she, they are thy old Acquaintan These *Three* are the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *D* the capital Enemies of thy Soul; and whoever has has all. The *Proud* and the *Ambitious* Man imagines has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*; the *Mi monger* and the *Epicure* persuade themselves that t have got the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil*; and so it f with all sorts of Extravagants. Now that, which pears in so many Shapes, and encounters the ot Three, is the *Devil* of *Money*, who says he is equiv to them all, and that where he comes, there is no N of them. Against the World he argues from their Confession and Experience; for it passes current, *there is no World but Money; take away a Man's M and take away his Life.* Against the *second Enemy* pleads, that Money is the *Flesh*; witness the many and *Ganimedes* it procures: And against the *Third* urges that there is nothing to be done without this *evil* of *Money. Love does much, but Money does all. ney will make the Pot boil, tho' the Devil should pi th' Fire. Well*, said I, by what I can perceive, *Devil of Money has got the better End of the Staff.*

Advancing a little farther, *Death* shew'd me *Fa ment* on one hand, and *Hell* on the other; and as I the more intent upon looking on *Hell*, she asked m I had ever seen it any where else? I answered in the firmative, and said, I had seen it in the *Hard-hearted* and *unnatural Behaviour* of Parents; in the *Vanity* divers Princes; in the *Pride* and *Luxury* of Priests; the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of wicked Magistrates; the *Haughtiness* and *arbitrary Power* of Ministers of St

the *Appetites* of ſenſual Men, in the *Deſigns* of Ruin d Revenge, in the Souls of *Pawn-brokers* and USU-ERS; and in the *Hearts* of Oppreſſors: But he that ould ſee it whole and intire in one Perſon muſt go to the ypocrite, who *is a ſort of Religious Broker, and puts t at Fifty* per Cent. *the Sacraments and Ten Com-andments.* I am glad too, ſaid I, that I have ſeen *dgment* here in its Purity; for what we call *Judg-ent* in the World, is a mere Mockery: And to deal ainly with you, Madam, I have no great Stomach to home again; for it is better to be with the *Dead* here there is *Juſtice*, than with the *Living*, where ere is *none*.

Our next Step was into a large and beautiful Plain, en-mpaſſed with a huge Wall; ſtop here, ſaid Death, r we are now come to my *Judgment-ſeat*; and here give *Audience*. The Walls were hung with *Sighs* and roans, *ill News*, *Fears*, *Anxieties* and *Surprizes*. ears ſignified nothing, but *Grief* and *Care* were without leaſure or *Redreſs*, and ſerved as *Vermin* to gnaw the earts of *Emperors* and *Princes*. I ſaw *Envy* dreſs'd p in a Widow's Veil, and looked like the very Picture of e *Governante* of a Noble Man's Family; ſhe preyed pon her ſelf, and muſt conſequently be a very *Slender entlewoman*, upon ſo *Spare a Diet*. Under her ſate *iſcord*, the lawful Iſſue of her own Bowels, who had rmerly converſed with *married People*; but finding no eed of her there, ſhe went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, here they had more already than they know what to o withal: And then ſhe betook her ſelf to Courts and alaces, and officiated as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to her was *Ingratitude*; who out of a certain aſte made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was mould-g *new Devils*. In ſhort, the whole Place ecchoed ith *Rage* and *Curſes*. What a Devil, ſaid I, oes it rain Curſes in this Country? upon which a *Death* at my Elbow asked me, what a Devil could I xpect elſe, where there were ſo many *Match-makers*,

Attor-

Attornies, and *Common Barretors?* a Pack of the mo accurſed Wretches in Nature. What is more frequent i the World than the Exclamations of *Husbands*, *Wive* and *Clients?* Oh! that Son of a Whore of a *Pande* *The Curſe of* Scotland *upon that Bitch of a Bawd*, tha brought us together. The Pillory and Ten Thouſan Halters to boot take that Pick-pocket Attorney, that ad viſed me to this Law-ſuit: He has ruin'd me for eve But pray'e, Madam, ſaid I, what brings all the *Match-makers* and *Attornies* here together? do the come for *Audience! Death* was here a little quick upon m call'd me Fool for asking ſuch an Impertinent Queſtion If there were no *Match-makers*, ſaid ſhe, there would n be the Tenth part of theſe *Skeletons* and *Deſperad* *Am not I here*, ſaid one, the *Fifth Husband of a Woma* *yet living in the World, who hopes to ſend twice as m* *ny more after me, and ſing* Old Roſe *at the fifteent* *Funeral?* you ſay well as to the Buſineſs of *Match-m* *kers*, but why ſo many *Petty-feggers*, in the Devil Name? Nay, quoth *Death*, now I perceive you hav a Mind to theze me, for that raſcally ſort of Caterpillar have been my undoing. Is it not better to die by th Hands of the *Common Hangman*, than by the Hand o an *Attorney?* to be killed by *Quirks*, *Quibbles*, *De* *murrers*, *Imparlances*, *Exceptions*, and *Circumventio* is the Devil. Theſe *Match-makers* and *Splitters* *Cauſes*, are the principal Support of this Imperi Throne.

Upon this I pauſed a while, then raiſing my Eye ſaw Death ſeated in her Chair of State, with a Multitud of little *Deaths* round about her; as the Death *Love*, *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*: A with their ſeveral Enſigns and Motto's. I perceive that the Death of *Love* had very *little Brain*, and kep Company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, *Hero* and *Leande* ſome *Pariſmus*'s, and *Don Bellianis*'s, all Embalmed ſteeped in good Vinegar, and dryed. I ſaw ſeveral ſorts of other Lovers, that has been brough

ll Appearance to their laſt Agonies) but by the ular Merit of Self-Intereſt recovered to the Tune

A Woman at beſt is a conſummate *Evil*;
She's all *Saint* without, but within is all *Devil.*

The Death of *Cold*, was attended by many *Biſhops*, *cts*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks*, who had no Wives, or in- d any Children that they durſt own, or any Body that d for them, any farther than their Fortunes. When e came to draw near their End, they are plundered even heir *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before you can ſay one *Ave ria*; and many times they are *ſtripped* before they *laid*, and loſe their Lives for want of proper Neceſ- s to keep them warm.

The Death of *Hunger* was ſurrounded by a Multi- e of *Miſers*, who were cording up of *Trunks*, *belting f Doors and Windows*, *nailing down of Trap-doors*, *ing of Pots of Money*, and ſtartling at every Breeze of d. Their Eyes were ready to ſtart out of their ds for want of Sleep, their *Mouths* and *Bellies* plain'd of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* were turned Gold and Silver, (the Idols they adored.)

The Death of *Fear* had the moſt magnificent *Train Attendance* of all the reſt, being accompanied with eat Number of *Uſurpers* and *Tyrants*, who com- ly do Juſtice upon themſelves, for the Injuſtice have done to others. Their own Conſciences per- the Office of Tormentors, for they live in a per- al Anguiſh of Thought, with Anxiety, Fear, Doubt, Jealouſy.

The Death of *Laughter* brought up the Rear, ac- panied with vaſt Crowds of People, *haſty* to *believe*, *ſlow* to *repent*, living without Fear of Juſtice, and dy- without Hope or Mercy; and pay all their Debts and ies with a Jeſt. *Bid any of them return what he has wed or wrongfully taken*, his Anſwer is, *you would make*

make a Man die with Laughing. Tell him, *my Friend, your dancing Days are over, what should such a Scarecrow as you do with a Bedfellow? This Fellow,* says he, *would make a Man break his Heart with Laughing.* Come, come, you have one Foot in the Grave, it is high Time for you to prepare your self for t'other World. *Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing, I tell you I am as sound as a Roach, and never had my Health better in my Life.* There are others, and let a Man advise them to *send for a Divine,* when they are at the last Gasp, or to *settle their Temporal Affairs,* who will presently cry, *I hope there is no need of him yet, for I have been as bad as this many a time before.* Such Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to a Sense of their Danger. This Vision had a very good Effect upon me, and I said to my self, since Man has but *one way* into the World, and there are so many *Millions* out of It, at my Return I will make my study to live well, and keep a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

I had scarce spoke these Words, when the Cryer of the Court made Proclamation, *the Dead! the Dead! appear the Dead!* and presently I saw the *Earth* begin to *move,* and open gently to make way first for *Heads* and *Arms,* and afterwards for whole Bodies of *Men* and *Women,* who came out half muffled in their Night-caps: Now, says *Death,* let every one speak in his Turn. In the Instant up comes one to my very Chin, with so much Fury and ill-Nature in his Face and Action, that I would have given a Leg or an Arm for a Composition. *What,* quoth he, would these Devils in the World be at; it is very hard that a Man cannot rest in his Grave for ye, but you must be casting your Reflections upon him, tho' he is as innocent as a Lamb: what hurt has he done any of you, (ye Scoundrels) to be thus abused? I beg your Worship's Pardon, said I, and under your favourable Correction, who may you be? for I acknowledge I have not the Honour to know you.

I

I am, quoth he, (in the haughty Tone of an Upſtart, Juſtice of the Peace) the Unfortunate *Tony*, who has been in his grave many a long Year, and yet, ye Wiſe-acres can not divert your ſelves and your Company, but *Tony* muſt be brought in. When any of you play the Fool or Extravagant, you ſay preſently He's a *Tony*. Who drew that ridiculous Piece? *Tony*. Such a One was never well taught: No, he had a *Tony* to his Maſter.' But let me tell ye, if ye will lay your Noddles together, and ſtrictly Examine your own Words and Actions, ye will, upon the Upſhot, find your ſelves a Company of *Tonies*, and conſequently the greater Impertiments. 'Did I ever enſlave my ſelf to Money, or make Ducks and Drakes with it? Did I ever ſuffer my Wife to wear the Breeches? Was I ever ſuch a Fool, as to believe any Man would be true to me, who had proved falſe to his Friend? Did I ever make ridiculous Wills, as ye do, to oblige others to pray for a Man in his Grave, that never prayed for himſelf in his Life? Was I ever inſolent to my Inferiors, or ſervile to my Betters, or did I ever go to a Fortune-teller upon any Occaſion whatever? Now if ye are guilty of theſe Follies, and I innocent, I beſeech you where is the *Tony*? So that it plainly appears that *Tony* is not the *Tony* ye take him for.

Preſently another of the *Dead* came marching up to me, with a *Spaniſh* Pace and Gravity; (*look in my Face*) quoth he, with a ſtern Countenance) and *Know Sir, that you have not now to do with a Tony.* I beſeech your Excellency, ſaid I, to let me know your Honour, that I may pay ſuch Reſpect as is due to you; for I thought that all People here had been *hail Fellow well met.* I am called, quoth he, by Mortals, *Queen Dick*, and whether you know me or no, you often talk of me; and if the Devil was not in you, ye would let the Dead alone, and mind your own Buſineſs. You can not ſee my High-crown'd Hat, a Thread-bare Cloak, a Shoulder-belt and Basket-hilted Sword, but ye preſently cry, that

was in faſhion in the Reign of *Queen Dick*. But let me tell ye, if ye were not every Mother's Child of you, a parcel of *Nickumpoops*, you would own that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to thoſe ye have had ſince. If a Mother inſtructs her Daughter, and ſays, Child, *Modeſty is a great Ornament to your Sex, wherefore do not ſtare the Men in the Face as if you were looking Babies in their Eyes, but look downwards.* Downwards! ſays Miſs *Fil-flirt*, Pray, Madam, Excuſe me; this would have done well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*. Let the Men look downward, quoth the pert Faggage, towards the Earth of which they were made; but Man was our Original, and it becomes us to keep our Eyes upon the Matter from whence we came. If a Father adviſes his Son to *ſay his Prayers Morning and Evening, or to give Thanks before or after Meat*; the young Libertine ſhall preſently Anſwer, that 'tis true, ſuch things were practiſed in the Days of *Queen Dick*. In plain Engliſh, Sir, I muſt tell you, Men are better known *now-a-days* by their *Atheiſm* and *Blaſphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Queen Dick withdrew, and there appeared a *Jeroboam Glaſs-bottle*, in which was luted up a famous *Necromancer*, hacked and minced according to his own Directions, to render him Immortal. It was boiling upon a quick Fire, and the *Fleſh*, by little and little, began to unite, and made firſt an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg, and at laſt an entire Body raiſed it ſelf upright in the Bottle. Bleſs, me! thought I, what have we here? a *Man* made of Pottage, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle! this Viſion made my Teeth chatter in my Head, and while I was yet panting and trembling, I heard a Voice out of the Glaſs; *what Tear of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I.) *A welcome, ſaid he; for it is the happy Tear I have wiſht for many a Day.* Pray, Sir, ſaid I, who are you? am, ſaid he, the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but at

a Diſtance, I took you for ſome *Apothecary*, doing
ennance for his Errors. It has coſt me many a weary
ep to come hither, and yet, to ſee ſo great a Rarity,
can not but think my Time and Pains well beſtowed.
The *Necromancer* called to me to unſtop the Bottle;
nd as I was breaking the Clay to open it, Hold, hold,
id he, I prithee tell me firſt how goes Matters in *Spain*,
hat Money, Force, and Credit. The *Plate-fleets* (
id I) go and come reaſonable well; but the Foreign-
s that come in with their Ships, have half ſpoiled the
rade: And the *Genoeſe* run out almoſt as far as the
ountains of *Potoſi*, and have almoſt drained them dry.
y good Child, ſaid he, that Trade can never be ſe-
re and open, ſo long as *Spain* has any Enemy that is
otent at Sea. And for the *Genoeſe*, they will tell you
at this is only a New way of quitting old Scores. I
no Enemy to that Nation, but upon account of her
ices and Encroachments; and rather than ſee theſe
ſcals proſper I would turn my ſelf into a *Ponder*,
ough I Ended my Days in a *Tobacco Box*. Sir, ſaid I,
comforted for they are as miſerable as you'd wiſh
em. They are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already; and
w (forſooth) they have an Itch to be *Princes*: a Va-
y that gnaw them like a *Cancer*. And then the *De-*
is in them for a *Wench*; inſomuch that it is well if
ey bring both Ends together; for what is gotten up-
the Change, is ſpent in the *Stews*.

I am glad to hear this, (ſays the *Necromancer*) but
me what Price bears Honour and Honeſty in the
rld? There is more of it, ſaid I, in *Talk*, than in
ct. Upon my *Honeſty*, crys the *Tradeſman*; upon
Honour ſays his *Lordſhip*; and yet the Devil of one
ain of either is to be found upon them. The *Thief*
, it is more *Honourable* to *take* than to *beg*: And
he that takes *Alms*, pleads it is more *honeſt* to *beg*,
n to *ſteal*. Every Man ſets up a *Court of Honour* with-
imſelf, that ſerves his *Purpoſe*, and laughs at them that
k otherwiſe. All things are turned *Upſide-down* and

a good *Faculty* in *Lying*, and *Pimping*, is a fair ſtep to Preferment.

'The *Necromancer* then asked me what ſtore of *Lawyers* and Attorneys were in *Spain* at Preſent? I told them that the whole World ſwarmed with them, and that there were ſeveral ſorts of them. Some by *Profeſſion*, others by *Intruſion* and *Preſumption*, and ſome again by Study; but not many of the laſt, though indeed ſufficient of every kind to make People pray for the *Ægyptian Locuſts* and *Caterpillars*, in Exchange for that *Vermin*. Why then ſaid he, if ſuch Plagues are abroad, I had beſt keep where I am. It is with *Juſtice*, ſaid I, as with *ſick Folks*, in Time paſs, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Phyſick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*; but we are now deſtroyed by *Multitudes* and *Conſultations*, which tend only to enflame the *Diſtemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Juſtice* as well as *Truth* went naked in the Days of yore; and one ſingle *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the beſt ordered Goverment in the World. But the Juſtice of *our Age* is tricked up with *Bills*, Parchments, *Writs*, and the Devil knows what beſides, on purpoſe to make *Wrangling a Science*, and to embroil us in Suits, endleſs Trouble and Confuſion. A Term hardly paſſes, without a Author in four or five Volumes at leaſt, under the Title of *Gloſſes*, *Commentaries*, *Reports*, *Caſes*, *Judgments* &c. and the greateſt Strife is who writes *moſt*, not *beſt*. If there were no *Attornies* there would be no Suits; no *Suits* no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles* no *Priſons*; if no *Priſons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges* no *Paſſions*; no *Paſſions* no *Bribery* or *Subornation*. See now what Train of *Miſchiefs* one wretched *Petty-fogger* draws after him. Say you me ſo? (quoth the *Necromancer*) ſtop me the cloſe again if you love me, for the very Air of the Raſcals will poiſon me; and take this for a Rule, *He that would get the better of a Law-ſuit, muſt plough with his Adverſary's Heifer, as well as his own.*

B

But now you talk of great Cheats; what News from the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* ſtill in the World? Yes, marry is it, ſaid I, and ſtands juſt where it did. Why then, quoth he, I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for it is a Preſent equal to the ſevereſt Revenge. Nothing, ſaid I, can ever deſtroy that Republick, but *Conſcience*; for if every Man had its his own it would not be left worth a Groat? 'Tis the very *Arſe gut*, the *Drain* and ſink of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace: It helps the *Turk*, to vex the *Chriſtians*, and the *Chriſtians* to gall the *Turk*, and maintains it ſelf to *Torment* both. In ſhort, the Inhabitants are neither *Moors* nor *Chriſtians*, as appear by a *Venetian* Captain in a Combat againſt a *Chriſtian* Enemy: *Stand t'ſt, my Maſters*, ſays he, *ye were* Venetians *before you were Chriſtians.*

Enough, enough, cryed the *Necromancer*, of this; and tell me how ſtand the People affected? What *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny*, ſaid I, is ſuch an Epidemical Diſeaſe, that every Kingdom is but as one great Hoſpital to entertain the Diſaffected. There's no ſtirring for me then, (quoth the *Necromancer*) but tell thoſe buſy Fools however from me, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. But before I fall to Pieces again as you ſaw me juſt now, (for better ſo than worſe) tell me I beſeech you, who is King of *Spain* now? *Philip* the Fourth, ſaid I, if ſo, quoth he break my Bottle, for I am reſolved to try my Fortune once again under that glorious Prince. And with that Word, he daſhed the glaſs Bottle againſt a Rock, crept out of his *Cave*, and away he ran. I had a mind to keep him Company, but one of the Dead laid hold of my Arm, and ſaid that he had deviliſh Heels, and I ſhould not overtake him.

What ſhould I ſee next but a wonderous old Man with a Monſtrous Head, and Hair enough to have ſtuffed half a dozen Cuſhions. I ſtared upon him ſufficiently; and he taking Notice of it, ſaid, Friend, my

Familiar tells me, that you are desirous to know who I am. Listen then, and understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author, said, I of that *Gallimaufry of Prophesies*, that are published in your Name? *Gallimaufry*! says he, thou art an impudent Rascal, and a meer *Ninny-hammer* to ridicule Mysteries and despise the Secretary of the Stars. Who so brutal as to doubt the meaning of these Lines?

From Second Causes this I gather,
Naught shall befal us good or ill,
Either upon the Land or Water
But what the great Disposer will.

Reprobate and bastotted Villains that you are, what greater Happiness could befal Mankind, than the Accomplishment of this Prophesy; would it not suppress all the vile Suggestions of the Legion of Devils that are within you. Men would not then set their Hearts upon Avarice, Couzening and Extortion, and make Money their God: That Vagabond Money, that takes up commonly with the Unworthy, leaving *Philosophers*, Prophets and the great *Nostradamus* to go bare Foot. But let's go on.

When the marry'd shall marry,
The the jealous shall be sorry;
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This made me laugh till I was ready to piss; which put the Astrologer out of all Patience. Dog-whelp quoth he, there's a Bone for you to pick, must you be snarling and snapping at every thing? will your Teeth serve you to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophesy; Hear then, in the Devil's Name and be damned.

Do

Do *all marry*, that *are marry'd*. When you are *marry'd* the *Prieſt* has done his part; but after that to *marry* is to perform the conjugal Duty of a Husband. Here's one half of the Propheſy explained already. Have you any thing to ſay againſt my Propheey, or the Argument? not one Syllable, I'll warrant ye; and yet ſomething is to be ſaid. Does not the Phyſician carry his Elbow before him, when he puts forth his Hand to take his Patient's Money; and when he has made his Purchaſe away he is gone in a Trice. But to proceed,

Many Women ſhall be Mothers,
And their Babies
Their own Dadies.

What ſay you to this now? do not many *Husbands* Father more Children, than they begot? *a Man ought to have very good Security upon a Woman's Belly*; for Children are commonly made in the Dark. Little do you imagine, as many of our gay Folks, in their *Coaches and Six*, with as many *Lackeys* behind, will be found at the *Laſt Day* to be only the *By-blows* of Pages, Gentlemen Uſhers or *Valet de Chambres* of the Family: Nay ſometimes a *luſty Coachman* has been ordered to *drive on*. How many Families, I ſay, will be found to be Extinct, for want of Iſſue, when this great Diſcovery ſhall be made! you ſhall have one more, quoth he, and I have done.

This Year, if I've any Skill in the Weather,
Shall many a One take Wing with a Feather.

You imagine, perhaps, that I mean *Rooks*, and Jack-daws; I ſay no: I ſpeak of *Lawyers, Attornies, Clerks, and Scriveners*, who with a Daſh of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Eſtates*, and *fly away with them*. I muſt confeſs, moſt learned *Noſtradamus*, ſaid I, that there is great Excellency in your Predictions, ſince you have been pleaſed to be your own Interpreter. Do

you ſo, Sir, ſaid he, why then good bye to you, and thereupon he vaniſhed.

The next I beheld was a Meagre, Melancholick Wretch, all in White: I beſeech you, good Sir, ſaid he, as you are a Chriſtian, to deliver me from the Perſecution of theſe *Impertiments* and *Pablers*, and I will be your Vaſſal for ever, (and at that Inſtant caſt himſelf at my Feet, and wept like a young Child, who had loſt it's *Play-thing*.) Who art thou, quoth I? I am, ſays he, an antient and an honeſt Man, though defamed with a thouſand Slanders and Reproaches, and the People of the other World give me as many Names, as ever any Criminal had, that was tryed at the *Old-Bayly* Some call me *Nobody*, others *Some-body*, and doubtleſs you muſt have heard of me: Thus when the Miſtreſs of the Houſe returns home, and asks her Servant, *who has been here!* the lying Baggage preſently anſwers, *Nobody*; though upon my Soul, I never ſo much as came within ſight of the Door. Again, When a Tea-cup, or any of that kind of Equipage be broke, the Miſtreſs immediately cries out, *Some-body* did this; though perhaps I was at that very Juncture of Time twenty Miles off. The *Latins* call me *Quidam*, and my being made a *Stop-gap*, often proves to be of good uſe to them. In telling Stories, they Nick-name me a *certain Perſon*, as I heard a *certain Perſon* ſay ſo, and ſo: And at other times, I am ſet forth by *what d'ye call him*. Now all this is to make a Myſtery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door; I therefore hope you will grant me Relief herein, and your Petitioner (as in Duty bound) ſhall ever pray, this I promiſed to do, and ſo he withdrew to make Room for another.

The next was the moſt frightful Piece of Antiquity, that Eye ever beheld, in the Shape of an old Woman. I took her at firſt to be one of the *Devil's Scare-Screws*; her Eyes were Sunk in their Sockets, and her *Cheeks* and *Scals of her Feet*, were of the ſame *Complexion*: her *Mouth* was *pale* and open, the better to receive the *Diſtillations*

stillations of her Noſe; her Chin covered with a Gooſe-down, and not one *Tooth* in her *Gums*. Her *Head* danced, and her *Voice* kept *Time* to it; her *Body* was up in a Shroud of *Crape*, and ſhe had a *Crutch* in one Hand, which ſerved her for a *Supporter*, and a Roſary in t'other; ſo long that as ſhe ſtooped over it, one might have thought ſhe had been Angling for *Death's Heads*. *Hola! Grannum*, quoth I, luſtily in her Ear, (taking it for granted that ſhe was deaf) what's your Pleaſure with me? with that, giving a Grunt, and clapping a pair of Spectacles upon her *Noſe*, I would have you to know, ſaid ſhe, that I am neither *deaf*, nor *Grannum*, and therefore may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours. I am called, ſays the *Beuigna*, or *Madam the Governante*. How's that, quoth I, are there ſuch ſort of Cattle in this Country? then let the Inhabitants pray for Peace. With us in the World, who but *Madam the Governante* at every Turn; do you ſee that *Mumping Hag*, cries one, that *old Beldam*, ſays a Second, that *damn'd curſed Baw'd*, cries a third, ſhe forgets that ſhe was a *Whore*, but we will Remember her. You do ſo, ſays ſhe, and I am in your Debt for your Remembrance; the *Great Devil* be your *Paymaſter*, you Son of a Whore, you: Are there no more *Governante's* but my ſelf, with a Pox to you? Well, well, ſaid, I be pacify'd, and when I return to the upper Regions I will endeavour to ſet all things to Rights. But in the mean time, what may be your buſineſs here? Her *Reverence*, being ſome what compoſed at what I had promiſed, told me that ſhe had been *Eight hundred Years* in Hell, upon a Project to erect an Order of the *Governante's*; but the *Right Worſhipful the Devil Commiſſioners*, are not as yet come to any Reſolution upon the Point; and believe never will. For, they ſay, if the *Governante's* ſhould once come to ſettle there, that then there would be no need of *Tormentors*, and ſo they would be but ſo many *Jacks out of Office*. I have been in *Purgatory* too, but as ſoon

as ever they ſet an Eye upon me, the Souls cried out with one accord, *Libera nos*, &c. I would have taken a Trip to *Heaven*, but that's no Place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Heart-burnings*, and *Diſquiets*, and conſequently none for me. The *Dead* too are not my Friends, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone, and be gone into the World. Where I may play the *Governante for ever and ever, Amen.* But I had rather be here at my Eaſe, than be called ſo many *Spies* and *Tale-bearers* by the Servants, and to have the Curſes of my Maſters and Miſtreſſes for Embroiling their Families. And to tell the Truth the very ſound of the Name, *Douegna*, is more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one who was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Valedolid* and asking where he might lodge that Night, was anſwered at a ſmall Village, called *Douegnas*. Is there no other Place, quoth he, at ſome Diſtance, either ſhort, or beyond it? they told him no, except it were at a *Gallows*. Why then, ſaid he, that ſhall be my *Quarters*; for a *thouſand Gibbets* are not ſo bad as one *Douegna*. Thus you ſee how we are abuſed, I hope you will do us ſome Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talked me to Death, if upon pulling off her Spectacles, I had not thereby got an Opportunity of Eſcaping from her; but I was preſently encountered by one of the *Dead*, a proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *large Horns* on his Head, and looking upon me as *Sowre*, as if he would have eaten me without *Muſtard*, thought I, *doubtleſs the Devil is Dead, and this muſt be he.* No, no, ſaid a *By-ſtander*, this is a *Man*. Now, Sarrah, ſays he, *have at you*: By the Death, that Commands here, *I'll Strip your Skin over your Ears*, you Slave, and make you do Pennance for defaiming Perſons of Honour. This Saucy Language ſtirr'd up my *Welch* Blood; *come on, ſaid I, and if you have a mind to be twice killed, I'll do your Buſineſs. Who the Devil brought this* Cuckhold *here?* I had ſcarce ſpoke the Word, when at it we went, Tooth and Nail; and to

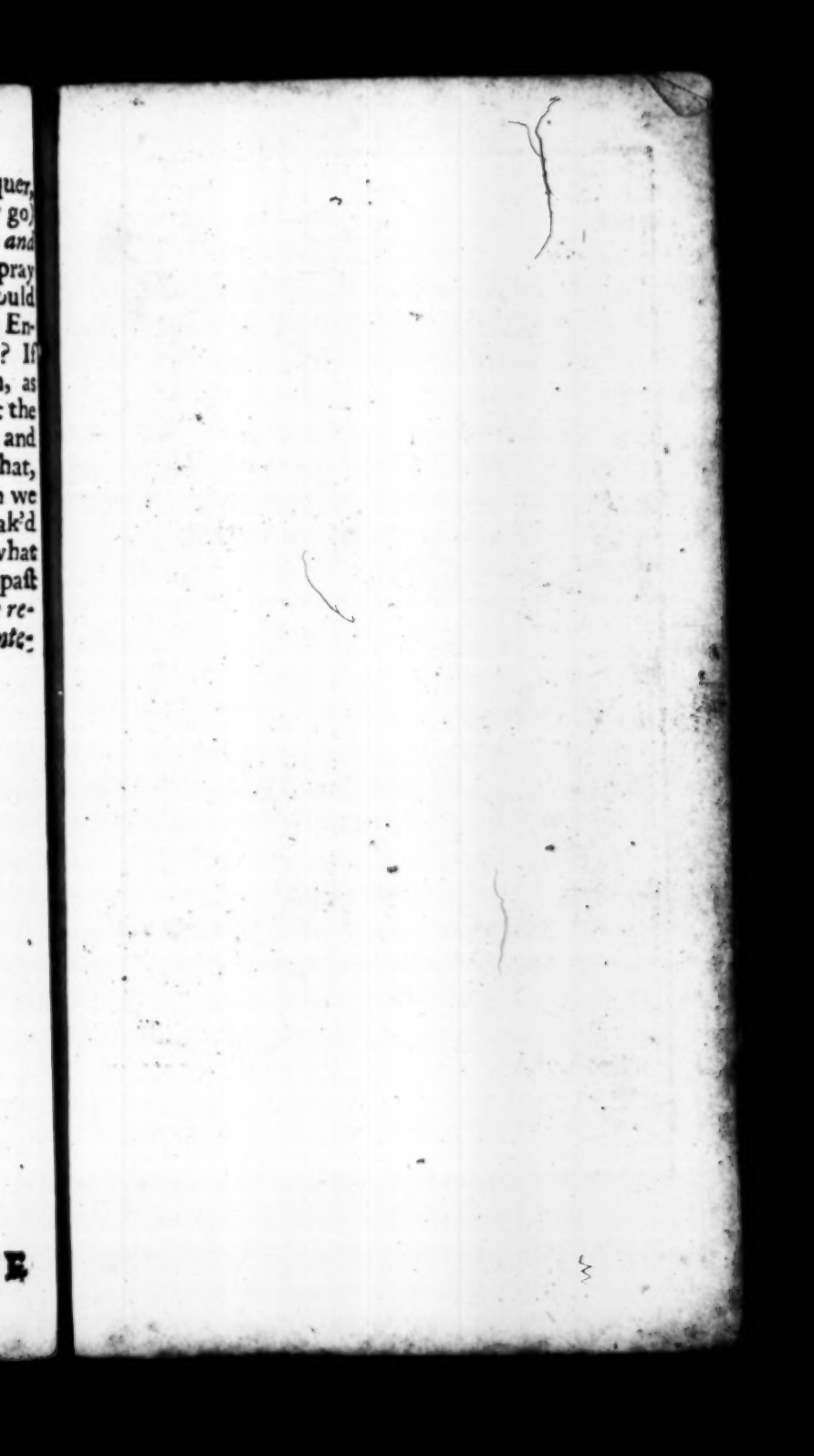
ſay

ſay the Truth, I ſhould have had the worſt on't, if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head. But we were preſently parted, and one of the Company told me that I might have had more Manners, than to call Don *Aureo Cervino, Cuckhold.* Is this that Raſcal, Don *Aureo Cervino?* Villain that he is to tax me with abuſing Perſons of Honour! he is ſuch a Scoundrel, that 'tis a ſhame for Death to be ſeen in his Company; he was never fit for any thing in his Life but to furniſh Matter for a *Farce* or a *Droll.* That's my Grievance, Gentlemen, ſays he, but I will have Satisfaction. I own, I do not ſtand upon the Matter of being a Cuckhold, for there is many a brave Fellow who lives in *Cuckhold's-Row*; but why am I *ſingled* out to be his *Butt.* There never lived a more peaceable Wretch upon the Face of God's Earth, than my ſelf; all things conſidered; for never was a Man more ready to ſtep aſide at the Time of a *Viſit*, for I was always againſt ſpoiling Sport, when I could make none my ſelf. I muſt confeſs, I watched the *Poor*, as narrowly as a Cat does a Mouſe; but then I out ſnored the ſeven Stars when the *Rich* came to pay a Viſit to my Wife, and had any Buſineſs with her in private. We lived bleſſed well together, and I did what ever ſhe would have me; and ſhe would often cry, long live, my Dear Don *Aureo* he is the moſt complaiſant Husband in the World, and never finds fault with what I do. But, by her leave, ſhe told a damnable Lye, for many a time have I ſaid, *this is well, and that's ill.* For when *Poets, Fidlers*, or *Players*, came to our Houſe, I would ſay, *this is not well:* But when the *Rich Merchants* came, *oh! very good*, I would ſay, *this is Extraordinary well.* Sometimes indeed we happened to be Viſited by a *penny-leſs Courtier*, or a *half-pay Officer*; and then I would rattle her to ſome Tune: *Look you*, ſaid I, *what have you to do with theſe frippery Fellows, and Sons of Fire and Smoak, with damning Irons by their ſides? Shake them off I adviſe you, and let this be ſufficient Warning:* And to give the poor Woman her due, ſhe loved to be *liberal*, and to *communicate* to every one. But when *Bankers*

Apprentices

Apprentices, or any who had to do with the Exchequer, came and ſpent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *Ay Marry, my Dear*, quoth I, this is *doing Buſineſs, and there's to be loſt by keeping ſuch Company*. And, pray now, where's the hurt of all this? therefore why ſhould this Buffoon of a Poetaſter, make me the ridiculous Entertainment of all his Farces, and the *Fool in the Play*? If thou wert now alive, ſaid I, I'd write the to Death, as *Archylocus* did *Lycambes*; and I am reſolved to put the Hiſtory of thy Life in a Satyr, as ſharp as Vinegar, and call the Life of Don *Aureo Cervino*. I will prevent that, ſaid he, or it ſhall go hard with me: And thereupon we fell to it again, till at laſt the very fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me: I then began to reflect upon my Dream, and what Advantage I might draw from it; for the *Dead* are paſt *fooling* and *thoſe are the ſoundeſt Counſels, which we receive from ſuch as adviſe us without either Paſſion or Intereſt*.

THE



THE THIRD VISION OF *The Last Judgment.*

TIS commonly said, and *Claudian* bears Testimony of it, *that all Creatures do usually dream at Night of what they have done or seen in the Day.* And I am the more confirmed in this Opinion, because as I was reading the other Day a Discourse concerning the End of the World, at Night I dreamed of the *Last Judgment.*

Methought I saw a very beautiful Youth, flying in the Air, and sounding a Trumpet: The very Stones, I perceived, and the Dead obeyed his Call; the Earth opened and the Bones began to seek their Flesh. The first that appeared, were *Generals of Armies, Captains, Lieutenants,* and *private Soldiers,* who supposing it had *Sounded a Charge,* came out of their Graves, with as much Briskness and Resolution, as they had formerly out of their Tents, and thought they had been going to an *Engagement,* or to *Storm* a Town. The Millers peep'd out, pale and trembling for fear of being *Plundered,* and the *Country Squires* imagined they had been summon'd to a *Horse Race,* or a *Hunting Match.* All heard the *Trumpet,* but not one knew the Meaning of it, and there appeared a Multitude of *Souls* some of which came up to their Bodies, with much Difficulty and Horror

Horror. I could not but admire the *All-powerful Providence*, to ſee Order drawn out of *Confuſion*, and every Part reſtored to the Right Owner. I dreamed I was in a *Church-yard*, and methought divers that were loth to appear were changing of Heads; an Attorney would have *demurr'd*, upon Pretence he had got a Soul which was not his own, and that his Body and Soul were not Fellows.

When they all came to underſtand that this was the *Day of Judgment*, good Lord! What ſhifting and Shuffling there was among the Wicked! The *Glutton* and Whore-maſter, where hard put to it; the one would not own his *Belly*, nor the other his *Eyes*; and the *Pick-pockets* ran away from their own *Fingers*, and the *Slanderer* from his Tongue. An old *Uſurer* asked if the *Bags* were to riſe with the *Bodies*? I could have laugh'd at his Queſtion, but was prevented by an Out-cry, *Withdraw, Withdraw.* I immediately deſcend from a convenient Place, where I ſtood, and preſently a great many *Handſome Ladies*, put out their Heads, and called me an unmannerly Clown, for not making my Obeyſance to them. They ſeem'd at firſt to be full of Gaiety and Mirth, and truly they were *clean Skin'd*: And *well made*: But when they heard it was the *great Day of Account*, their Conſciences began to fly in their Faces, and all their Jollity was changed into *Grief* and *Sorrow*. One among them was wrecking Invention to find Excuſes for the ſeveral Promiſes ſhe had made to her Nine *Husbands*, that ſhe never would marry again. Another who had been as common as the *High-way*, would neither *lead* nor *drive*, but *hung and Aſe*, *humming* and *hawing*, pretending, forſooth, that ſhe had forgot her *Night-Geer*; but in ſpite of her Teeth, ſhe was brought within ſight of the Throne, where ſhe ſaw a Multitude of her *Shoving* Friends, whom ſhe had carried part of their way to Hell, who fell a *pointing* and *hooting* at her, ſo that ſhe took to her Heels, and herded her ſelf among the *Bailiffs*. After this came a vaſt Concourſe of People

iving a *Phyſician* before them; and theſe called out, ſtice! Juſtice! becauſe he *unneceſſarily* diſpatch'd, em before their time. Upon my left Hand I heard a pad- ng in the Water, and what ſhould this be but a *Judge* the Middle of a River, waſhing and rinſing his Hands. asked him the Meaning, and he told me, *that in his ife-time, he had been often dawb'd in the Fiſt, to make e Buſineſs Slip the better; and he would willingly get ut the Greaſe, before he held up his Hand at the Bar.* Turning about, I ſaw a Multitude of *Taylors, Exciſemen* nd *Informers*, under the Guard of Ten Legions of *De- ils* (and they ſcarce ſufficient for their Number of Pri- ners.) arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Gudgels*, and other inſtruments of Correction, they pretended to have loſt heir Hearing, and were loth to leave their Graves, for ear of meeting with worſe Lodging. As they paſs'd by, p ſtarted a little Lawyer, who being informed that they were going to give an *Account of their Works*, threw him- elf flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go ownward, ſaid he, I am ſo far onward on my Way. One of the *Taylors*, *crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, ſpake ot one Word, but alack! alack! how can a Man be a *hief*, that dies for want of Bread! but he was ſeverely eprimanded by his Companions, for diſcrediting the Trade. The next were a Band of *Highwaymen*, treading upon one another Heels, and jealous of having *hieves* among themſelves; theſe were *Eſcorted* by a Party of Devils, and lodged with the *Taylors*; for a *Highwayman* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They quarrel'd at firſt, but in the Concluſion, kennel'd peaceably together. After theſe came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets, Fidlers, Lovers*, and Fencers, that thought the leaſt of *a Day of Reckoning*: Theſe were among the *Hangmen, Jews, Scribes*, and *Phariſees*. There were alſo a Multitude of *Solicitors*, who wondered that they ſhould have any Conſcience when they were *dead*, who had none at all *living*. At laſt *Silence* was proclaim'd.

The

The Throne being erected, and the *Great Day* (a Day of Jubilee to the Good, and of Terror to *Wicked*) the Sun and Stars waited at the Footstool; Wind was husht, the Water did not move, and Earth was in Suspence and Anguish for fear of her C dren; in short every thing was in Anxiety and Disor The Righteous were employed in Prayers and Th givings, and the Ungodly in framing *Excuses* and *sions* to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian An* were on one Hand to acquit themselves of their Duties, the Charge that was given them; and on the other side *Devils* hunting for fresh Accusations to aggravate Guilt of Offenders: the *Ten Commandments* had Guard of the *Narrow Gate*, which was so strict, that most mortified Body could not pass, without leav part of his Skin behind him.

On one Hand were Multitudes of *Disgraces*, *Mis tunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles*, all in full against the *Physicians*. The *Plague* frankly own'd th she had struck many, but the *Doctor* did the Busin *Disgrace* said the same: And *Misfortunes* of all kinds clared that they never brought any Man to his Gra without the Help and Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *tlemen of the Faculty* were called to account for th they had killed, and being allowed Pen, Ink, and per, took their Places on a Scaffold: And as the De were called, some or other of them answered to the Na and declared the Day and Year, when they pass through their Hands.

The Enquiry began at *Adam*, and he, I though was severely handled about an Apple. Alas! cry'd *das*, if that were such a Crime, what will become of who betrayed and sold my Master? Next came t *Patriarchs* and *Apostles* and set down by St. *Peter*: A I observed that there was no Distinction between *Ki* and *Beggars* that Day. My Judgment is just, quo *Pilate*: Alas! quoth *Herod*, *Heaven* is no Place for

nd I muſt e'en take up my Reſidence in *Hell*, the com-on Receptable of Notorious Malefactors.

The next that appeared was a *Fencing-Maſter*, with Bundle of Certificates to prove his Exploits; at which Word they all fell out of his Hand, and a Brace of Devils ould have whipt them up, but the *Fencer* was to nim-le for them. An *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help im; but he, fearing an Attack, lept back, and putting imſelf into a *Poſture of Defence*, cryed out, now if you hink fit, I am for you, and you'll have a Touch of my kill. His Sentence was, that *as by his Rules of Art, o many Murthers had been occaſioned, he ſhould go to Hell by a* Perpendicular *Line*. He deſired that *Counſel* night be aſſigned him, for there was a *Point of Law* to e agreed, declaring he was no *Mathematician*, and new no ſuch Line: But while he was ſpeaking the Devil, ame up, gave him a Turn and a half, and down he umbled.

After him came the *General Receivers* of the Counties, ollowed by a *Hue and Cry* for cheating and ſtealing; nd ſpying by Chance, in a Devil's Hand a huge Roll of Accuſations againſt them, one of the boldeſt among them, aid, *Away, away, with theſe Informations*; we'll come o a Fine, and compound though it were for Ten or Twenty Years in *Purgat ry*. Will you ſo, quoth a Devil, who drew up the Charge, (a cunning Dog I'll warrant him (if you are upon thoſe Terms you are come o your *Neck-Verſe*; but though you might have compounded in the other World by the help of a *Friend at Court*, you will find that Bribes will not avail you nything here: And thereupon they were forced to follow he *Fencer*.

When theſe were diſpatch'd, in comes an Unlucky *Paſtry-man*, who being asked if he would be try'd? Anſwered, yes, when I gave you leave *to bake in my Oven*. At that Word, the Devil that managed the Cauſe againſt him, preſſed the Charge, and ſtrenuouſly urged that he had put the Fleſh of *Slink-Calves* into his Paſty's inſtead

of

of *Veninſon*; and as for his *Pyes* ſome were filled w
Snakes inſtead of *Eels*; that in others he put *Mag*
for *Pidgeons*, and *Beggar's Scraps* and the Parings
Ox-hides for *Mutton*; and upon the Iſſue it was prov
againſt him, that *Noah* never had *ſuch Animals* in h
Ark, as this Fellow had made uſe of: For there were
Rats and *Mice* there, ſo that he gave up the Cauſe, a
was ſent to try if the Devil's Oven was hotter than h
own. Next came the *Philoſophers* with their *Syllogi*
who put all their *Expoſtulations* into *Mood* and *Figu*
but were ſent to *ch p Logick* with the grand *Sophiſt*
But the *Poets* were by much the pleaſanteſt Entertai
ment of all, who inſiſted that they were to be tried b
Jupiter: And *Orpheus*, the *Father* of the *Poets*, deſir
he might ſpake for them all. Who, *he?* cryed one
the Devils, yes, with a Pox to him, for teaching th
Boys were *better Bedfellows* than *young Woman*. B
they would have comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if th
could have catch'd him. *Away with him to Hell* a
again, they cry'd, *and let him get out a Second time*
he can. So he was ſent away, and the reſt follow
their Guide. When they were gone, there knocked
the Gate a rich *penurious Curmudgeon*, but he was tol
the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had n
kept them. He went to juſtify himſelf, but in th
End was delivered over to be rewarded according to h
Works. Then came the *Scriveners* and *Attornies*, wh
having obſerved that ſome *Highwaymen* and Thieves ha
been ſo dexterous in the World, and that they ſave
themſelves from the very *Ladder*, ſaid, Ah! if we cou
but paſs for *Thieves* now! and yet they ſet a good Face
nough upon the Matter too. Why, what in the Name of L
ciſer, ſaid a Devil would you paſs for *Innocents?* th
ſet all the Company a Laughing. The *Guardian An*
gels of the *Scriveners* and Attornies moved, that th
Evangeliſts might be of their Counſel, which the *Devil*
oppoſed, affirming that they would inſiſt only upon th
Matter of Fact, and ſo leave them without any Poſſibilit

a *Reply*, or *Excuſe*. We might indeed, ſaid they, ntent our ſelves with the bare Proof of what they are; r it is Crime enough that they are *Scriveners* and *At-rnies*. Upon this they both denied their Trades, the rmer calling themſelves *Secretaries*, and the latter *Sol-citors*: *But the Devil a Barrel the better Herring be-ween them.* And ſo they were all ſent to *Old Nick*, ave and Except Two or Three, who found Mercy. The *hriſtians* were much more troubleſome than the *Pagans*, hich the *Devil* did not reliſh; but then they pleaded hat they were *Chriſtened* when they were *Children*, ſo hat 'twas not their Fault, and their Parents muſt An-ver for't, The *Doctor*, whom I mentioned before was t to the Bar, in Company with an *Apothecary* and *arber*, and one of the *Devils* informed the Court, hat the greateſt part of the Dead then preſent, were ent thither by the Doctor, in Confederacy with the *Apothecary* and *Barber*. An *Angel* pleaded for the *Apothecary*, and ſaid that he *Phyſick'd the Poor for nothing*, o Matter for that, cry'd the *Devil*, I have him in my Liſt, and am able to prove that he has killed more Peo-ple with *two little Boxes*, then the *French* King, with *Two hundred Thouſand Barrels of Powder in Flanders*. The *Doctor* too let fly at the *Apothecary*, and ſaid, if he would play the *Knave* or the *Fool*, and put in *this* for *hat*, or uſe corrupted Medicines, he could not help it: that for his own part he would prove his *Preſcriptions* to be conformable to the *Diſpenſatory*. In fine the *Apothecary* was ſent to the *Devil's Hotwell*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were brought off at the Interceſſion of St. *Caſmus* and St. *Damian*.

After theſe a *Dapper Silver-tongu'd Lawyer*, who was a great Maſter of his Words and Actions, and no Man better skill'd in moving the Paſſions, or at bolting a lucky Precedent at a Dead Liſt; But though he had the Law at his Fingers Ends, yet he was *ordered to pay Coſts*. In that Inſtant, a Fellow was diſcovered in a Corner, who looked like a *Spy*; and the *Devil*, upon viewing him cry'd

cry'd out, what my old Friend *Pontæus*, the Quack alas! it would be much better for thee to be at *Covent Garden*, selling thy Packets, for upon my Honour thou will have nothing to do here, except it be for an Ointment for a Burn: So the *Quack* went his Way. The next that appeared were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *adulterating* and *mingling Water* with their *Wine*, they pleaded that they had furnished the *Hospitals* with *common Wine*, that was genuine, upon free Cost; but this Excuse signified as little as that of the *Taylors*, who said that they had clothed so many *Fryars gratis*; or as that of the *Trading Justices*, who said that they sent *lewd Woman* to the *House of Correction*: Yes, cry'd a sly *Devil*, not with a design that they should amend their Lives, but that you might get *Two Shillings* apiece for each of their Discharge; and upon this their *Mittimus*'s were sent to *Satan's Bridewell*. After these followed a Number of *Bankers*, who had made themselves *Bankrupts* to cozen their Creditors, and therefore were to reckon for other People's Scores as well as their own; whereupon they were sent away to *Pluto* with Bills of Exchange, but at that time the Devil was out of *Cash*.

The next that entered was a *Spanish Cavalier*, who was a Quarter of an Hour in making his Reverences to the Company, and his Head could not be seen for the prodigious large Ruff he had, which stared up like a *Turkey-Cock's Tail*. He was so long in telling his Name and Titles, that being ask'd *what he would be at? Glory*, quoth he; which being taken for *Pride*, he was sent away to *Lucifer*.

In the next Place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing, but said, he had as much to do with the *Saints* as any Body: Yes, says a wag of a Devil, and so had *Nero* and *Diocletian*, though it were but to persecute them. It appeared that this Fellow swept the Church and dusted the Pictures and Images, but was charged with stealing the Oil out of the Lamps, pretending that the *Owls* and

Jack-

daws had drank it up; and also with *crumbling his ridge* with *consecrated Bread*, which he stole every day: and thereupon was ordered to travel the left nd Way.

Presently a Voice was head, *Make way, clear the Stage*: and this was for a *Covy* of handsome, Plump, *na-Roba's*, not *Dutch* or *German*, but of right *Eng-* Breed, who came in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, *Dan-* *Laughing*, and *Singing* of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, as Merry as the Day was long: But they soon chang- their Note, when they beheld the Devils ugly Looks, falling into Fits of the Mother, beat their Breasts, tore their Hairs with all the Rage imaginable. Angel alleged in alleviation of their Crimes, that y were great frequenters of *our Lady's Chapel*. Yes, quoth a Devil, *More of her Vertue, and less of Chapel* would have done well. There was a notable hipster among them, who said the Devil had Reason; then her Tryal came on for making a *Stalking-horse* a Sacrament, and marrying that she might play the hore with Privilege, and never want a Father for her *stards*. It was her ill Fortune to be condemned, and e rest escaped; well, said she, if I could have thought would have come to this, I would not have troubled self with so many Masses; the Devil might have said em for me.

At length came up *Judas*, *Mahomet*, and *Jack* of *yden*, and the Cryer asked them, which of the three s *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack*; nay, but with your ve, I am *Judas*, quoth *Mahomet*: They are a couple *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the Man, ly these damned Rogues make use of my Name to save eir Credit. 'Tis true, indeed, I sold my Master se, and the World is beholden to me for the Bargain, cause they are the better for't ever since; but these Sons Whores sell him and themselves to boot, every Hour the Day, and nothing comes of it but Misery and Confusion,

Confuſion. So they were all three packed away to pre
to their Diſciples.

The *Bailiffs*, *Informers*, and *Exciſe Men*, came o
next, who pleading *Guilty*, were ty'd up without mo
to do. The laſt that appeared was an *Aſtrologer*, wit
his *Globes*, *Aſtrolabes*, *Almanacks*, &c. proclaimi
as loud as he could bawl, that there was a Miſtake i
the Reckoning; for *Satan* had not finiſhed his Cour
and therefore the World could not yet be at an End. Quot
one of the Devils, who lookt upon him, as his own a
ready, ſaid he, is a provident Dog, I warrant him, fo
ſee! he has brought his Firing along with him; but ſa
he to him, hark'e, Friend, is it not ſomething od
think you, that you who have created ſo many Heave
in your Life-time, ſhould go to the Devil for want o
one after your Death? I have often heard, quoth th
Aſtrologer, that the Devil was a *Lyar*, and I will ma
him one now; for I will not go, but if you will car
me, *well and good*. Immediately Orders were given t
carry him away, and a Devil thruſt him under his Ar
like a Gizzard under the Wing of a Foul, and hurri
him away.

Hereupon, methought, the Throne vaniſhed, Dar
neſs gave Place to Light, the Heavens were clear, a
the Air ſweetened from the ſmell of Brimſtone: And th
I awaked, very well pleaſed to find my ſelf in the La
of the Living. I betook my ſelf immediately to m
Prayers, with a firm Reſolution of changing my Lif
and putting my Soul into a Frame of Piety and Devotio
that I might wait the Coming of the Great Day wi
Peace and Comfort.

THE

THE
FOURTH VISION
OF
Loving FOOL's

AS the Watchman was going his Rounds, and crying, *past four a Clock, and a cold frosty Morning*, when it was much more comfortable be in a warm Bed with a Buxom Bedfellow, than to up to the Chin in the *Thames*; I lay musing upon one ve toy or another, and tumbling and tossing my Bed, till at last Sleep closed my Eyes, and depri- me of Sense. I was carried methought, I know not v, into a spacious Meadow, pleasant and agreeable, ere there were two Rivulets, the one *bitter* the other et, and yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty d of Murmur, equal to the best Musick in the World. e use of these Waters was to temper the Darts of *Love*. I saw several of *Cupid's* little Officers dipping their ws for their Entertainment and Ease. Upon this I ied I was in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and saw very *Hive*, where the *Bee* lived, that Stung my g *Master*, and occasioned that Excellent Ode, ch *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. In the st of the Meadow was a *Palace*; a rare *Piece*, as well he *Structure* as *Design*. The Front was beautified Imaginary Trophies, and *Triumphs of Love*, which a great Ornament to the Building; and over the

Porch there was in Gold Letters upon black Marble, t
Inscription.

This is called Fools *Paradise,*
From the loving Fools *that dwell in't;*
Where the great Fools *rule the* less,
The rest *obey, and all do well in't.*

The Doors were open to all Comers, which were ve
ry numerous, and the Porter's Place was supplied b
a *Woman*, exquisitely handsome both for Face and Per
son, and set off with great Advantages of Dress and Jew
els: She was made up of *Charms*, and her Name wa
Beauty. She would let a Man see the House for a *Loo*
and that was all I paid for my Enterance. In the fir
Court I saw many of both Sexes, but so altered that the
scarce knew one another, they were *sad* and *pensive*, an
their Complexions tainted with a *yellow Paleness*, whi
Ovid calls *Cupid's Livery*. Here Kindred did the Offi
of *Procurers*, and *Procuress* were called *Cousins*: Wi
loved their *Husband's She-friends*, and *Husbands* r
turned the Favour in loving their *Gallants*. On a Sid
den there appeared a strange Extravagant Figure, i
in the likeness of a human Creature. She was beset
over with Eyes and Ears, was very busy, always in M
tion, and had one of the most distrustful, crafty Look
I ever saw, and had no small Authority in the Pla
Upon Enquiry, I found her Name was *Jealousy*, a
She told me that the greatest Part of the distempered Pe
ple there were of her bringing, and yet she was n
their *Physician*, but their *Tormenter*, and all her Deli
was to aggravate and imbitter their Misfortunes. S
told me she was made up of *Artifice*, *Invention*, and
Torture, and that if I would know any thing farther
the House, I must apply to the good old Man that w
there, who being the *Major Domo* would tell me all
I could hear his new Discourse.

I w

I went up to the *good Man*, whom I knew to be *time*, and desired him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance, whom I would fain visit. He told me, that he was at present so much taken up in making *Caudles*, and *Gellies*, and preparing *Vinegar* and other *Provocatives* and *Restratives*, for his Patients, that he could not stir, but allowed me to walk at Pleasure, and directed me where I might find those I inquired for.

I passed out of the first Court, into the *Maids* Quarter, which was the strongest part in the whole Building, and so it had need, for many young Wenches were so extravagant that no other Place would have held them. Here one was sobbing, and crying, and raging with *Jealousy* of a *Rival*; there *another stark-mad* for a Husband, and burning inwardly, because she would not discover it. A Third was writing Love Letters, and mending and marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* then *whole Words* in it. Some practising in the Glass the *Gracious Smile*, the *Enticing Ogle*, &c. others order a Diet of *Tobacco-pipes*, *Coals*, *Cinders*, *Oatmeal*, *Chalk*, &c. Some were capitulating for a *Fall* or *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of it; yes, yes, cryed some to their *Sweet-hearts*; you can go to *Tunbridge* with *this* Lady, to *Epsom* with that Lady, and play at *Piquet* with the Lady *Kill-man*, but are ashamed to be seen in my Company. I *am thine*, *cries one*, *and only thine*, *or may all the Devils in Hell*, &c. *But be sure you are constant. If I be not*, says he, *let my Soul*, &c. And the easy Fool believes him. In one Corner they were praying for *Husbands*, that they might live at *random*; and in another nothing would please them, but to be *married Men's Wives*; for *old Folks treads sure*.

I had learned of old, that he that *keeps such Company seldom comes off without a Scratch'd Face*, but if he miss a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands *condemn'd to*

Repentance during Life: A Gally-Slave may compound for his *Freedom*, but there is no *Randsom* in case *Wedlock*. From hence I filed off to the *Marry'd Quarters*, but Lord! What *Damning* and *Sinking*, *Ranting* and *Tearing* was there, as if Hell was in an Uproar. And what was all this, but a Number of *Women*, who had been locked up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, and had now broke their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*. Some were *ravelling* and *cracking* their Husbands, at the same time they designed to cornute them; others were picking their Pockets to pay for a *Stroke* by the Bye; and others were *dammably Religious*, tho' the whole Design of going to *Altars* and *Churches*, was only to *Sacrifice* to *Venus*, or a *Love Meeting*. Some went to Confession, but mistook their Martyr for their Confessor, and others to the *Bath*, tho' *Bathing* was the least Part of their Errand. Some, to be revenged of *jealous Husbands*, resolved to do the thing they feared; and others were for making sure aforehand by way of Advance; for that's a Revenge much sweeter than *Sack* and *Sugar*. One among the rest, was never out of a *Coach*, and the reason she gave was, that she loved to be *jolted*.

In the next Quarter was the *Grave* and the *Wise*, the Right Reverend Widows, *Women* in all Appearance of *marvellous Severity* and *Reserve*; and yet every one of them had a *Colt's Tooth in her Head*. I saw one of them *crying* (by the help of an *Onyon*, wrapt up in her Handkerchief) *with one Eye, for the Loss of her Husband*, and laughing with t'other upon a *well-set*, *brave* Irish-man *who was to come next*: Another was solacing herself with her *Paramour*, before her *Husband's Head was quite Cold in his Body*; *but she knew that he that died Six Minutes ago, is as Dead as* Harry *the Eight*. Some were laying Wagers of *Coffee* and *Tea*, who's Mourning was most *a la Mode*, and whose *Peak* or *Veil* become her best. The Widows, whose *Mark was out of their Mouths*, did all they could to be thought young, and constantly talked of *Opera's*, *Italian* and *French* Com-

dies

dies, *Masques*, *Balls*, &c. and all upon the *Hoyty Toyty*, *jigging* and *dancing* to every Tune like *Girls of Sixteen*. The Young made a proper use of Time, as they called it, and *took Pleasure* while it was to be had. There were some of the *Religious Strain*, a People much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; these were *Lovers-Hearts*, and under perpetual Abstinence from *the Flesh they loved best*, which is the most *mortifying Lent* to all others. Others were *Patching and Painting*, and filling up the *Pittalls* of their Faces, that they may appear smooth and even; and these were such *old* and *shrivell'd Jades*, that having got the better of their *Husbands*, they would take upon them to *domineer*, and *rule the Roast here*.

Tired with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the Apartment of the *Devotee's*; and there I saw many *Women* and *Girls*, cloyster'd up from the Conversation of the *World*; and yet not a jot *Soberer* than their *Fellows*. When the *Toy* took them, they would make a Sally now and then; for when the *Fit* was upon them, they own'd no *superior* but *Love*. The greater part of these *Religious* People were writing *Billets-deux*, with the *Sign of the Cross at Top*, and *Satan at the Bottom*, concluding with this *Postscript*, *I recommend this Paper to your Discretion*. Some for want of better *Entertainment*, fell in Love with one another, but these were reckon'd a sort of *Ninnys*; for they would have been of another Mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper, and when the Paroxism approach'd, might have found *a proper Cooler*, for their *hot Fit*.

The Root of all these Extravagancies was *Idleness*, the Parent of *Wantonness*; and there was one among them, who had *more Bills of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than all the Bankers* in Europe. It pity'd me to the Heart to see so many poor People in such a sad Condition, and without any hope of Relief; for they were still puddering and royling their Bodies, that they might quench their enflam'd Mind.

From hence I marched to the *single Women*, (the who had made a Vow never to marry) which were th quieteſt and moſt compoſed of all; for they had mo ways than one to *lay the Devil, as well as to raiſe him* Some *robb'd Peter to pay Paul*, and ſtripp'd ho neſt Men, to cloath Raſcals, which with Submiſſion wa but a lewd kind of Charity. Others were as mad a March Hares, and quite out of their ſeven Senſes, for th Enjoyment of this *Wit*, and t'other Poet, who neve failed to pay them in *Rhimes* and *Sonnets* with *Ruby Li* and *Pearly Teeth*, &c. So that to read their Verſes a Man would ſwear the whole Woman was petrifi ed.

Of Sapphire Fair, and Chryſtal clear,
Is the Fourhead of my Dear. &c.

One was in Conſultation with the *Canning Man* t know her *Fortune*; another dealing with a *Conjurer* fo a *Powder* or *Drink* to engage a Lover; a Third wa *plaiſtering* an old ruin'd Face, to make her look young again. But ſhe might as well have been *waſhing of a Black-Moor white*. In ſhort, there were innumerable Crowds with borrow'd Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-brows, &c. who looked like fine folks at a diſtance, but would have been left as ridiculous *as Æſop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. Deliver me, (ſaid I, ſmiling and ſhaking my Head,) if this be *Woman*.

From hence I ſtept into the Men's Quarters, and their greateſt Miſery was, that they would not liſten to good adviſe, but obſtinately hated both *Phyſick* and *Phyſician*. This minded me of the old Rhime.

Where Love's in the Caſe,
The Doctors an Aſs.

These *Fool-male* were all in one Chamber, and you might have read their *Humour* and *Diſtemper* in their *Looks* and *Geſtures*. " How many a gay Lad did I ſee there

"there in his Embroidered Waſtecoat, that had not a "whole Shirt to his Back! Here was one ſwearing he would "die in his ſweet Lady's Service, who would be glad to "run five Miles on an Errand for Six-pence: And there "another poor Devil, that wanted Bread to his Porridge, "and yet was troubled with the Rebellion of the Fleſh." Some were adjuſting their *Perukes* and *Cravats*, and ſetting up for *flaming Beauxs*, in the ſeventy-ſeven Year of their Age. Others were poſting from one *Church* to another, to hunt for a Miſtreſs, and ſo turned a Day of *Reſt* into a Day of *Labour*; and ſome again *fell in Love* by *Contagion*, and merely converſing with the Infected. I muſt own I pity'd the poor *Mutes*, and heartily wiſh'd that their Miſtreſſes had been *Witches, that they might have known their Meaning by their Mumping.* There was another ſort of *elevated* and *conceited Lovers*, and nothing would ſerve theſe, but the *ſeven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Vertues*, in the ſhape of a *Woman.* Next to theſe, I ſaw a Generation of *Modeſt Fools*, who were *diffident of themſelves*; and they were forced to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, which brought them nothing but *Rags* and *Repentance* in the End. The Husbands were horribly furious, though *chained* Hand and Foot: *Some of them left their Wives and fell upon their Neighbours*, but though they came as *fierce* as *Lyons*, they went off as tame as *Lambs.* Some were making Friends with their *Wives She-Conſins*, and bargaining upon a *Croſs-goſſiping* who ever ſhould have the firſt Child.

The *Widowers* were continually moving from one Place to another; here they fell in Love, there kindled a Jealouſy, which they contracted in one Place and cured in another; but what is very ſtrange, they all *own'd* themſelves a Company of *Mad-folks* and yet continued ſo. One tells his *good Fortune* to another and he requites him with the Story of his *Bad:* Some were careſſing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the Miſtreſs. There were others, who were called the *Husband's Friends*

and their *Purse*, *Coach* and *Horses* were at their Service; and in the mean time, who but they to gallant the Wife to the *Park*, the *Play* or the *Opera*? Where forty to one they ſtumble by the greateſt good Luck in the World, upon an *Aunt*, or ſome intimate Acquaintance, that is to ſay, ſome Reverend *Goer between*, who is a Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks; ſhe takes the Hint, ſhows them the Civility of the Houſe, performs the good Office, by locking them up for half an Hour in her Bed-chamber, and the Work is done.

There was two ſorts of Fools for the *Widows*, the one beloved, and the other not; the *latter* were content to be *voluntary Slaves* for the Compaſſing their Ends; but the other were always at Liberty to live at Diſcretion, unleſs a Friend or Child of the Houſe happened to come in, in the miſchievous Nick, and then in caſe of a little Colour more then ordinary, or a tumbled Handerchief, it was but changing the Scene, and ſtruggling for a Letter or Paper of Verſes, or ſome ſuch Excuſe, to keep all in Countenance.

I now began to reflect upon what I had ſeen, and found my ſelf on a ſudden, in the *firſt Court* again, and there I beheld new Wonders. The number of *Mad-Folks* encreaſed every Moment, tho' time did all that was poſſible to recover them. *Memory* was rubbing up *old Sores*; *Underſtanding* was lock't up in a *dark Cellar*; and *Reaſon* with *both her Eyes out*. I pauſed a little, the better to obſerve theſe Varieties and Diſguiſes, and when I was weary with looking, I turn'd about, and ſaw a Door, but ſo narrow that it was hardly paſſable; and yet, as ſtrait as it was, *Ingratitude* and Infidelity had ſet many at *Liberty*, who made a Shift to get through. I made what Haſte I could to be one of the firſt at the Door, whereupon I *waked*, and found all was but a *Dream*. However my Mind was a little diſcompoſed with the Fancy of having ſpent ſo much time among *Fools* and *Mad Men*; but this Comfort enſued, that I had Experimented *paſſionate Love* to be meer *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

THE

THE FIFTH VISION, OF *The WORLD.*

OUR *Appetites* and *Deſires* are as reſtleſs and flitting as *Pilgrims*, they are nouriſhed with Variety, which manifeſt how much we are miſtaken in the Value and Quality of the Things we covet. Hence it is that what we purſue with the greateſt *Ardour* and *Paſſion*, gives us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Poſſeſſion*; yet ſuch is the Power of theſe *Appetites* of ours, that when they call and command, we *follow* and *obey*: And the *World*, that knows our Palate and Inclination, never fails to Feed the Humour, and to entertain us with all ſorts of Variety and Novelty, as the ſureſt way to gain our Affections.

It was my Fate to be taken off in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*, and carried away, by Vanity and Weakneſs, into the wide World, where for a while I remained not much diſſatisfied with my Condition, paſſing from one Place to another, ſeveral that ſaw me did but make ſport with me; and the farther I went, the more I was at a loſs in that *Labyrinth* of *Deluſions*. One while I was among the *Bullies* and *Captains* of *Drury-lane*, *Vinegar-yard*, and *Covent-Garden*, up to the ears in *Challenges* and *Quarrels*; and in another fit I was never well, but when at the *Gray-hound* in *Fleet-ſtreet*,

ſtreet, or at the *Gentleman* and *Porter* in *New-ſtreet* by *Shoe-lane*, Stuffing my Guts with Food and Tipple, till my Belly was ready to burſt.

As I was in one of my penſive Moods, having my *Conſidering Cap* on my Head, ſome body pluck'd me by the Sleeve, who proved to be a Perſon of *a venerable Age, his Cloaths miſerable poor and ragged, and his Face juſt as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets, and yet he had the Appearance of one that merited Honour and Reſpect.* Good Father, ſaid I, why ſhould you hinder me from my Enjoyments? you are paſt the Pleaſure of Life your ſelf, and are going out of it, but I am juſt come into it: But 'tis the Nature of *Old Men* to carp at the Actions of their *Juniors.* Son, ſaid the old Man, I do not hinder, or Envy your Pleaſure; but in pure Pity I would reclaim thee, *Do'ſt thou know the Value of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute?* if thou didſt thou would'ſt Employ it better, and not laviſh it away upon Trifles. *Have thy paſt Hours made thee a Promiſe to come back again at a Call, when thou haſt need of them? or can'ſt thou tell which way they went?* No, no, they are gone, and in their Flight, methinks, Time ſeems to turn his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in Deriſion of thoſe who made no better Uſe of him, when they had him. All the Minutes of our Life are but ſo many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the End on't, and every Moment brings us nearer our expected End, which perhaps, while we are ſpeaking, may be at the Door. *How ſtupid is he that dies while he lives, for fear of dying! And how wicked is he, that lives as if he ſhould never die, and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* And he is certainly none of the wiſeſt, that ſpends all his Days in Lewdneſs and Debauchery, without conſidering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been the laſt.

My good Father, ſaid I, your Diſcourſe is Excellent and own my Obligation to you; for they have delivered me out of the Power of a thouſand Follies, and vain

Affection

Affections, that had got Poſſeſſion of me. But permit me to ask, I pray ye, who you are, and what is your Buſineſs? My Poverty and Rags, ſays he, *are ſufficient to ſhew ye, I am an honeſt Man; one that will not be mealy-mouth'd, when he may ſpeak to the Purpoſe.* Some call me the Plain-dealer, others *Tom Tell-troth*; and what are all theſe *Rags*, *Wounds*, *Scars*, and *Bruiſes*, but the *Requital* the *World* gives me for my good *Counſel* and *kind Viſits*. They call themſelves my Friends, but curſe me to the Pit of Hell, as ſoon as I come near them, and had rather go to *Jericho*, than ſpend half an Hour in my Company. I will ſhew you the World, I talk of, and the People that dwell in't, and without any Inconveniency you ſhall ſee all that's in it.---- This Place ſaid he, is the *Hypocrites Walk*, and it croſſes the *World*, from one Pole to another: There are *Hypocrites* of ſeveral ſorts; and every Mortal has more or leſs, a *Tang* of the Leaven. That Fellow there would fain be a Gentleman, tho' he came but t'other Day from the *Plow Tail*; but he had better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than break his Promiſes, to keep a *Coach* and a *Footman*. There is another Raſcal, who has the Ambition to be a Lord, and would venture a Voyage to the *Indies* for the *Title*, but that he is better at building Caſtles in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face and Garb*, he *Swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Whores* and *Hounds*, which 'tis feared will devour him in the End. He walks, as if he moved by *Clock-work*, his Words are few and ſlow, and he makes all his Anſwers with a *Shrug* and a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Miniſter of State*, who with all his *counterfeit Wiſdom*, is one of the veriеſt *Noddies* in Nature.

What Lord is that, ſaid I, *in the Rich Cloaths there and fine Laces?* That *Lord*, quoth he, is a *Taylor* in his *Holy-day Cloaths*, and if he were now upon his *Shopboard*, his own *Sciſſars* and *Needles* would hardly know him. *Hypocriſy* is now ſo *Epidemical* a Diſeaſe that

that it has laid hold of Trade it ſelf, as well as the Maſters. The *Cobler* expects that you ſalute him Mr. *Tranſlator*; the *Groom* calls himſelf *Gentleman of the Horſe*; the *Hangman* muſt be ſtiled a *Miniſter of State*; the *Mountebank* an *Able Man*; and ev'ry *Pick-thank* a Courtier: The *Cuckhold-maker* paſſes for a *Fine Gentleman*, and the *Cuckhold* himſelf for the *beſt natured Husband in the World*. *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*. *Cowardice* paſſes for *Meekneſs of Nature*, and *Raſhneſs* carries the Face of *Valour*: Every *Bravo* muſt be a *Soldier*, every *Pariſh-Clerk* a *Doctor*, and every *Writing Clerk* in an *Office*, muſt be called Mr. *Under-Secretary*. In fine all is *Hypocriſy* and *Knavery* in *Diſguiſe*, for nothing is called by the right Name. So that the *whole World*, take it where you will, is but a *mere Juggle*; and you will find that all heinous Sins have *Hypocriſy*, for their *Source*. The *Will embraces or purſues no Evil, but under the Reſemblance of Good, and Sin does not lie in the Repreſentation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Conſent* to it: And this *Conſent* is *Sinful*, altho' without any *Subſequent Act*! 'Tis true, the *Execution* ſerves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be conſidered under many *Differences* and *Diſtinctions*. *What is the Hope of an Hypocrite?* ſays *Job*. He neither has nor can have any; for he is *wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*, and his beſt Actions are worth nothing, becauſe they are not what they ſeem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the moſt to anſwer for. He makes uſe of *God's Holy Name* as a *Cloak* for his *Wickedneſs*: for which Reaſon our bleſſed Saviour after many *affirmative Precepts* delivered to his Diſciples for their *Inſtruction*, gave only this *Negative*; *Be not ſad as the Hypocrites*: And nothing can lay them more open in few Words: And he might as well have ſaid, *be not Hypocrites, and ye ſhall not be wicked.*

By this time we were come to a high Ground, and the firſt remarkable thing I ſaw, was a *funeral Train*

of *Kindred* and *Gueſts*, following the *Corps* of a Deceaſ-ed Lady, in Company with the diſconſolate *Widower*, muffled up in a mourning Cloak, enough to have ſtif-led him. O! Bleſſed Woman, ſaid I, how did this Husband love thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection even to the *Grave!* And to have ſo many tender Friends and Relations to participate of the Husbands Sorrows! My Son, quoth the old Man, you ſhall ſoon perceive that this is *Mock-mourning*; nothing but *Vanity*, *Impoſture*, and *Con-ſtraint*; and I will ſhew you the Difference between *things themſelves* and *Appearances*. The abundance of Torches, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*; comes to no more, than *much ado a-bout nothing*. The *Woman* was *nothing* (effectually) even while ſhe lived, the *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is ſomewhat a leſs *nothing*, and the *Funeral Honours*, now paid her, come to juſt *nothing*: But the *Dead* it ſeems muſt have their *Vanities*, as well as the *Living*. The Mourners are troubled at the *Invitation*, and would not care a Pin if the *Inviter* and Body too were both at the *Devil*; and that you ſee by their Behaviour and Diſ-courſe. *I am not ſo near a Kin*, ſays one, *but I might have been ſpared. I had Company to meet at a Tavern*, ſays a Second; *a Pox o'your Meetings*, cries a Third, *where there is nothing ſtirring but Worm's-meat.* Nay let me tell you, that the *Widower*'s is not grieved for the *Dead Wife*, but for the damn'd Expence in *black Hearſe* and *Coaches*, *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*; for he perſuaded himſelf, *ſhe might have found the way to the Grave without a Candle*: And ſince ſhe was to die, ſhe ſhould have made quicker Work on't; for a good *Wife*, like a good *Chriſtian*, ought to put her *Conſcience* in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingering in the Hands of *Phyſicians*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*; or, to ſave Charges, ſhe might have died of the *Plague*, which would have ſtav'd off *Company*. This is the *Sixth Wife* he has turned over the Perch,

and

and he has had the Wit to ſecure himſelf a *Second* while *this* lay on her *Death-bed:* So that his Caſe is no more than chopping a *cold* Wife for a *warm* one, and he'll recover again, I warrant you. The good Man methought, ſpoke Wonders, and I reſolved not to truſt to *Appearances*, tho' ever ſo plauſible, without due *Examination* and Enquiry.

The next thing was a Noiſe we heard in a Houſe behind us, and preſently we heared *ſix Voices*, ſet and tuned to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a Widow. The *Hangings*, *Pictures* and *Furniture* were all taken down, the *Rooms* hung with *Black* and the *poor diſconſolate Widow* upon a Couch with her condoling Friends about her. *Chear up, dear Madam*, ſays one, *your Husband's happy; he was a good Man*, cries a Second, *and now finds the Sweet of it. Have Patience*, ſays a Third, *'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending.* Do'ſt *talk of Patience?* ſays ſhe; o'that I ſhould ever live to ſee this Day! And then ſhe fell to *blubbering*, *ſobbing*, and *raving*, a thouſand Times worſe than before. *Alas! Who will trouble himſelf with a poor Widow? what ſhall become of me?* Obſerve, ſays the old Man, and you will find, that this *Widow*, *this mortified Piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts* under her *black Veil:* And ſcarce had he ſpoke, when looking about and not perceiving any Body in the Room as they thought, *Come, come Madam, faith, we muſt be merry*; ſays one, *for we are to live by the Living and not by the Dead. Very true*, cries a Second, *and therefore, dear Madam, what's your Opinion of Mr.----who was here Yeſterday? he has a great deal of Wit, and is very Handſome. By my Troth*, ſays a Third, *I wiſh you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd if you did not find one Warm Bedfellow worth Twenty cold ones.* This ſet the *Widow* a *Pinkering* and *Simpering*, like a *frumety Kettle:* At length ſhe makes up the *pretty little Mouth*, and ſays, *'Tis ſomewhat of the ſooneſt to talk of thoſe Affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleaſes. How-*

ever I am much beholden to you for your good Wiſhes. Here was the very Bottom of her Sorrow: And *ſhe took a Second Husband into her Heart, before the firſt was in in the Grave,*

Hearing among the Rabble in the Street, we look't out to ſee what was the Matter, and there we ſaw a Bailiff, *out of Breath*, and pretending to be in an Eager purſuit of a Priſoner, who had made his Eſcape. After him an *Attorney* with a Bundle of Papers in his Hand, and an Ink-horn in one of his Button-holes; and down he ſet himſelf, juſt before us, to write ſomewhat upon his Knee. Bleſs me! Thought I, how a Cauſe proſpers in the Hands of one of theſe Fellows; for he had filled his Paper in a Trice. *You muſt know*, ſaid the old Man, *he who run away, and the Bailiff, are a Couple of antient Friends and Pot Companions.* He was taken up by an *Eſcape-warrant*, and the *Attorney*, (as Attornies often will be) was the *Setter*: But happening to have ſome Money about him, he contracted with them to give them a Dog to hold, and he is as ſafe now, as a *Thief in a Mill.* The *Attorney* was writing nothing more than the Manner of his Eſcape, without mentioning how it was concerted, and will ſwear upon Occaſion, that the Priſoner tript up the Bailiff's Heels, buffetted him heartly, and then took to his Heels, before the other could recover his Legs. Bailiffs are of all ſorts of People, the moſt odious to the World; and if Men would reſolve to be honeſt, tho' but for one Year or Two, they might ſtarve them all. I hope, ſaid I, that the Attornies ſhall have your good Word too. As ſure as *God's in Glouceſter*, ſaid the old Man? your *Attornies* and *Bailiffs hunt in Couples*: The former the *Lyons*, and the latter the *Jack-calls*, that find out the Frey for them. The Attorney has all his Forms ready, ſo that he has no more to do than to fill up the Blanks, and if there be any thing to be gotten, it is not one halfpenny matter whether the Party be Guilty or Innocent. Give an Attorney but Pen, Ink and Paper, and let him alone for Witneſſes.

In

In case of an Examination, he has more Grace than to Insert upon the Plain naked Truth, but will set down only what makes for his Purpose, and when they come to Signing, he reads over in the *Deponent's Sense*, (for his Memory is strong) what he has written in his own, by which Means the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent such Villany, it would be well if the Examiners were sworn to write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to speak it: And yet there are some honest Men of all sorts, *save, always* and *except* among the *Attorneys*. The very Calling does by them, the *Bailiffs, Marshal Men*, and their Fellows, as the Sea by the Dead: It may entertain them a while, but in the *twinkling of an Eye*; it spews them up again.

As the old Man was proceeding, we were interrupted by the rattling of a gilt Chariot, with a Courtier in it as big as Pride and Vanity could blow him. He sat as stiff as if a Stake had been thrust through him, and he gloried in that Posture. His Wig was so large that his Face looded like an *Owl* in an *Ivy Bush*: he affected to be thought *Politick*, but he had either lost or forgot the use of his *Arms* and *body*, for he could neither bow nor move his Hat to any that saluted him. His Lordship's Company in the Coach was a *Buffoon* and a *Parasite*, and a large Train followed him. I began to praise the *Magnificence* of the Courtier. when my good Guide cut me short, by telling me that it was all *Vanity* and Folly: and as for the numerous *Train*, said he, let it be examined, and you will find more *Creditors* in't than *Servants*; as *Bankers, Butchers, Vintners, Mercers, Drapers, Scriviners, Brokers* and *Taylors*: And these are the propers *Stays* and *Supporters* of *this animated Machine*. The *Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages*, all come out of their *Pockets*: They have his *Honour* for their *Security*, and must content themselves with Promises and *fair Words* for *full Satisfaction*, unless they would rather have a *Footmen* with a *Cudgel* for their *Paymaster*. He is like many other Lord

Lords in the World, who *beat their Brains Night and Day for new Tricks and Projects, to keep their Heads above Water:* And let me tell you, that if all their Debts were paid, many of them would not have *Coats to their Backs.* Obſerve his *Companions* now; his Fool and his Flatterer theſe *Aſſes knab and curry one another by Turns, and play the Merry Andrew* to divert his Lordſhip, and make merry at his Expence. *What greater ſhame in the World than for a Man to make a Friendſhip with ſuch Raſcals, and to ſpend his Time and Eſtate in ſo brutal and inſipid a Society!*

He had ſcarce ſpoke, when their paſſed by us a *Lady of Pleaſure,* of an excellent Shape and Garb; her Motion was graceful and free, her Hair moſt artificially diſpoſed into careleſs Rings, and the beſt Red and White in Nature was in her Cheeks, if that of her Teeth and Lips did not exceed it. I took up a Reſolution to follow her, but my old Man ſtopt me, at which I began to grow very uneaſy: Is ſhe not ſaid I, the Maſter-piece of the Creation? Worthy of infinite Praiſe, and equal to our largeſt Deſires and Imaginations. A handſome Woman! *what was ſhe made for but to be beloved?* and he that has her, has all is lovely or deſirable in Nature. Thou art, ſaid he a Man of *much Wonder,* and *ſmall Experience*; and too much deluded by the Spirit of *Folly* and *Blindneſs.* Thou haſt *Eyes* in thy Head, but not *Brains* enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to uſe them. Know then, that the *Office* of the *Eye* is to *ſee,* but it is the *Priviledge* of the Soul to *diſtinguiſh* and *chuſe. He that truſts his Eyes, expoſes his Mind to a thouſand Torments and Confuſions:* He ſhall take *Clouds* for *Mountains ſtrait for crooked, one Colour for another,* by Reaſon of an *undue Diſtance,* or an *indiſpoſed Medium.* Now this prodigious Beauty; this new Miſtreſs of yours, proves as great a Cheat and Impoſture as any of the reſt; She went to Bed laſt Night as ugly as a Witch, and yet this Morning ſhe comes forth, in your Opinion, as glorious as an Angel. You ſhall ſee

the

this Puppet taken to Pieces and find her little elſe but Pain and Plaiſter. The *Hair* ſhe wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire-woman*? for her own was unluckily burnt by *French Fire*, or if ſhe has any left, ſhe keeps it private, ſhe is indebted to the *Pencil* for her *Eye-brows* and *Complexion*, and upon the whole ſhe is but an *old Picture refreſh'd*. All that you ſee of her that's good, comes from *diſtill'd Waters*, Eſſences, Powders, and the like, and to ſee the Waſhing of her Face would fright *old Nick*. She abounds in *Sweet Waters*, Spaniſh *Pockets*, *perfumed Drawers*, and all little enough to qualify the *poyſonous Whiffs*, ſhe ſends from her *Toes*, and *Arm-pits*. She muſt needs *Kiſs well*, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in *Oil* and *Greaſe*, and he that *Embraces her, will find a Stuffing of Cotton and Canvaſs to ſupply the Defects of her Body*; and when ſhe goes to Bed, *She puts off one half of her Perſon with her Shoes*. What think you now of your ador'd Beauty? Have your Eyes betray'd you? Know that (without more deſcant upon Woman, 'tis the Deſign and Glory of moſt of the Sex, to lead ſilly Men Captive. I could recommend other Remedies of Love, but what I have ſaid, I hope is ſufficient.

THE

THE SIXTH VISION, OF *HELL.*

BEING at a Friends Houſe in the Country, I took a Walk one Moon-light Night into the Park, where all my paſt Viſions came freſh in yMemory and I was very well pleaſed with the Meditaon. I know not whether I was moved by my good Anel, or ſome higher Power, but I was inſenſibly carried a eat way from home! And to my great Surpriſe, methought, I diſcovered Two Paths, iſſuing from one and e ſame Beginning, but dividing themſelves forwards ore and more by degrees, as if they cared not for one other's Company. That on the right Hand was narrow yond Imagination, and being little frequented, was ergrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*, and very ſtony thal. However one might ſee the Prints and Marks of eral Paſſengers, who had rubb'd through. Some were on the Way preſſing forwards, without looking back; d they were *pale-faced, thin* and *miſerably mortify'd.* hile I was thinking on what I had ſeen, I ſpy'd a ggar, reſting him a little to take Breath; and I ask'd n what Inns or Lodgings were upon that Road? He d me there was no ſtopping there, till they came to eir Journey's End. For this, ſaid he, is the Way to *Para-*

diſe, what ſhould they do with Inns or Taverns, where there were ſo few Paſſengers? do you not know that in the Courſe of Nature, to Dye, is to be Born; to Live is to Travel; and the World is but a great Inn, a which it is but one Stage, either to Pain or Glory. A theſe Words he march'd forward, bad *God be with me* telling me withal, that it was time loſt to linger in the Wa of *Virtue*, and not ſafe to entertain ſuch Dialogues a tend rather to Curioſity than Inſtruction. So he pur ſued his Journey *Stumbling*, *tearing his Fleſh*, *ſighing* and *groaning* at every Step. This is no Way for me thought I; ſo ſtruck off into the Left-hand Way.

Here I found Company enough and Room for more ſome *Singing*, ſome *Dancing*, and Laughing, others *ty ing*, and playing their *Gambols*; and that I might ap pear like the reſt, I put my ſelf into the *noble Mod* and jogg'd on: And at the firſt Daſh I was up to th Ears in *Balls*, *Plays*, *Maſquerades*, *Amours*, and th Devil knows what beſides; as full of Joy and Mirth a Heart could wiſh.

It is not to be imagined what Pleaſure I took in m new Acquaintance; and yet there was now and the ſome *joſtling* and *bickering* upon the Road, who ſhou go foremoſt to the *Devil*; chiefly between the *Phyſicia* and the *Lawyers*, the latter ſerving as a Guard to ſecu their Convoy, the *Judges*. But the *Phyſicians* carri it in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Privil* to *ſtudy*, *practiſe*, and teach the Art of Poyſoning, a to read Lectures of it in the *Univerſities*. During t Diſputes, I perceived many croſſing from one way another; ſome ſtumbled, and recovered; others *down-right*. They who were on the Right-hand, wh was the Path of *Virtue*, and led to *Paradiſe*; advanc very heavily, and made us Excellent Sport. *Prithee*, ſays one, *what a Friday-face that Fellow makes? H him, prick'd-Ear'd Cur, cries another. Damn me, c a third, if the Rogue be not drunk with Holy-Wat If the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found ſ*

Pack of ill-look'd Rascals, cries another. Some stop their Ears; others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us; and a Third sort came out of stark Love and Kindness to our Company.

After this I observed a great many in a By-path, with much Contrition and Devotion in their Looks and Gestures; but when I saw their long Ears, and *Geneva* Bibles, I knew them to be Hypocrites, and that they would not fail to meet us at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, and other *Holy-Duties*, which are the Exercise of good Christians, in order to their Salvation, are but a kind of Probation to these Men, to fit and and prepare them for the *Devil*. However they were followed by a Number of *Holy Sisters*, who kissed the Hems of their Garments; but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual* or *Natural*, I will not say. These Hypocrites, said I, may impose upon the World, and delude the unwary; but no Mask or Disguise is Proof against the All-piercing Eye of the Almighty. These *Hypocrites* build their Hopes and Ambition upon popular Applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, proclaim their *Weakness* and *Unworthiness*; their *Failings* and *Transgressions* in the *Market-place*: All which is but a *true Jest*, for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so. These *Hypocrites* have neither the Wit, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*; they are neither *Fish*, *Flesh*, nor *good red Herring*: For though they are instructed both in *Life Temporal* and *Eternal*, yet they live without either *Comfort* in the *one*, or *Hope* in the *other*, and *take more Pains to be damn'd than a good Christian does to obtain Salvation*. In short we went on our Way, and the *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went by themselves: The Magistrates drew after them all the Attorneys; *corrupt Judges* were carried away by *Passion* and *Avarice*; and *vain* and *ambitious Princes* trailed after them *Principalities* and *Common-wealths*. There were a World of the *Clergy* upon the Road, and

I saw a Regiment of Soldiers that might have been brave fellows indeed, if they had been but half so good at Praying, as they were at Swearing.

After this, we saw a great Troop of Women upon the High way to Hell, with their Bags, and their Fellows at their Heels, and ever and anon, Hunching and Jostling one another. On the other side a number of good People, who were almost at their Journey's End, came over into the *wrong Road*; for the *Right-hand way* growing easier and *wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *Left-hand*, on the contrary, *Narrower*, thought they had been out of their way, and so came into us; as many of ours went over to them upon the same Mistake. I saw a great Dutchess Foot it all the Way to *Hell*, which was to me a great Wonder; she was in a miserable Pickle, but I did not know what Design she might have in Hand, under that Disguise: However I was well enough pleas'd, taking it for granted that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*. But when, I began ro recollect what Crosses and Afflictions lie in the Way to *Paradise*, and that there was nothing upon this *Road*, but *Mirth* of all sorts, it gave me a *Qualm*, and me doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly delivered of that Doubt, and found I was in the wrong way, when I heard a Noise behind me, *make way there, make way for* the *Petbecaries*. Nay then, said I, if they be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil*: And indeed so it proved; for we were just come to a little Door, made like a *Mouse Trap*, where 'twas easy enough to get in, but there was no getting out again. No body so much as dream'd of *Hell*, all the Way; yet every one knew where they were when they came there, and cry'd out, *we are damn'd, we are damn'd*. This made my Heart ake; and I began with Tears in my Eyes to reflect upon my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, and Mistresses, whom I had left in the World. When, with a heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them posting after me.

Going

Going farther on, I ſaw a Company of *Taylors* and Informers Sneaking in a Corner. At the firſt Door ſtood *ſeven Devils* taking the Names of thoſe that entered, and having ask'd my *Name* and *Quality*, let me paſs. But Examining the *Taylors*, *theſe Fellows* (cries one of the *Devils*) *come in ſuch Shoals*, as if Hell were made only for *Taylors* and Informers; and we have ſo many here already, that I know not where we ſhall 'ſtow them, ſay the Word, my Maſters, ſhall's let 'em in, or no? the Poor Rogues were ſtartled at the Queſtion, for fear they ſhould be deny'd Enterance; however they had the Favour to be admitted. Well! Said I, theſe *Scoundrels* are in a bad Condition, when the *Devils* themſelves make it a Queſtion to receive them. Hereupon a Huge *ever-grown Club-footed, Crumpt-Shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all together into a deep Hole. Seeing ſuch a Monſter of a Devil, I ask'd him how he came to be ſo deformed? he told me he had ſpoiled his back with carring of *Taylors* and *Informers*; for ſaid he I have been formerly made uſe of as a Sumpter to fetch them, but of late they come ſo faſt and thick, as if Hell was not hot enough for them, and 'tis one *Devil's* Work to diſpoſe of them. While he was ſpeaking another Glut of them came, and I was obliged to give way, that the Devil might have Room to work in; and ſo he piled them up, and ſwore that they made the beſt Fewel in Hell.

I paſſed forward into a little *dark Alley*, and was ſurpriſed to hear one call me by my Name, and to ſee the poor Fellow wrapt up in *Smoak* and *Flame*. Oh! Sir, ſaid he *have you forgot your old Bookſeller* in *Fleetſtreet*? *Art thou there*? ſays I, *ay, Maſter*, ſays he, it is even too true to make a Jeſt on't; but little did I Dream it would have come to this. I began to reflect upon the Juſtneſs of his Puniſhment; for his Shop was a very Mint of *Hereſy, Schiſm, Bawdry*, and *Sedition*. I would ſaid he, that my Father had me a Hangman, when he made me a Stationer; for we are called to account for other Mens Works, as well as our own. He was going on, when a

Devil ſtopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Roll of his own Papers, and choakt him with the Smoak on't. Well, thought I, if the *Bookſeller* be thus Criminal, what muſt the Author be?

The next thing I ſaw was a great number of Souls groaning under the Laſh of the Devil, and upon Enquiry, was told that they were *Hackney-Coachmen* who had combined to *Exhibit* an Information againſt the Devils, for taking the Whip out of their Hands, and ſetting up a Trade they had never ſerved to, (contrary to *Quinto Elizabeth.c.*) oh! The Ingratitude of theſe Devils, ſays a *Coachman!* We have been their daily Drudges, and brought them good Commodities, well perfumed, Right, Neat, and Clean, not like your City Ware, that comes dirty up to the Hocks, inſomuch that a Devil muſt be hard ſet, if he would touch them with a *pair of Tongs* and yet every Draggle-tail Wench and Skip-kennel find better Entertainment, and are more civilly uſed than *we*! 'Tis true, I have carried a Gentlewoman to the Church Door, but it ſignify'd juſt the ſame as if I had carried her to the Conventicle; for all her Buſineſs there was to meet her Gallant. I can ſafely take my corporal Oath that I never took any Creature (witting and knowingly) into my Coach, who had ſo much as a good Thought; and this was ſo well known, that it was all one, to ask, if a Lady were a Maid: Or if ſhe had been in my Coach. If ſhe had, he that married her, knew what he had to truſt to. And now after all ye make us a fair Requital. Here upon the Devil gave him half a dozen Jerks, that made him ſtink worſe than a *Pole-Cat*. On a ſudden I heard a loud Laugh on one ſide of me, as if they would all have Split, and being ſurpriſed to hear them ſo merry in Hell, I went to ſee what was the Matter, and found that it was a couple of *Welſhmen* upon a Scaffold, and one of them had a great *Parchment* in his Hand, with divers Labels to it, and ſeveral Seals. I thought it might have been *Execution-day*, and took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*; but I was

quickly

quickly undeceived, for I found that the two *Taffys* were contending about their Pedigree, and get themselves past for *Gentlemen*. My Father, quoth he that had the *Parchment* in his Hand, bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of Watching and Warding, and has made many a tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first that ever was of the Order of Black-guard; and we have had five brave Commanders in our Family, that served in Quality of *Marshals Men*, and *Turnkeys*, and here I have *Testimoniams* to prove it, and yet I must be quarter'd among a pack of *Scoundrels*; I who am *Shone ap Morgan, ap Rice, ap Skinkin, ap Tavy, ap*..... a Pox on your *aps*, quoth a Devil, ye are a couple of pitiful Fellows, and your Tails scarce worth the Scalding: But have at you Mr. *Ap*; and at that Word, he gave him such a salute over the Buttocks with a huge Iron Bar, that he took two or three Turns in the Air, like a Shuttle Cock, and dropt at last into a common Shoar, where never any Man as yet found the Bottom. This Usuage, says his Competitor, may do well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*; but for a *'Squire of my Extraction*, I hope you will treat him with more Civility and Respect, and have regard to the *Antiquity of our House*. If you have no better Plea than that, quoth the Devil, you may go near to follow your Comrade: There is no Honour but Virtue, and we look upon those who are endow'd with that, to be sacred Persons, and dare not meddle with them. But if you are indeed Noble you're worth Burning, if 'twere but for your Ashes, and we'll treat you according to your Quality. In that Instant, two Devils presented themselves; the one bridled and saddled the other holding the Stirrup with his left Hand, and gave the 'Squire a lift into the Saddle with the Right: Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I asked where he went? look on your left Hand, quoth the *Devil*, and you'll ee him in Company with another *Squire* in that huge

Furnace, together with the first Inventors of Nobility and Arms: As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*; *Esau*, *Romulus Tarquin*, *Nero*, *Caligula Domitian*, and *Heliogabalus*, and a World of other Fellows, who made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood.

My Curiosity leading me further, I came to a large Stinking, Muddy Lake, which was stored with *Dougena's* or *Governante's*, who were turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and always Drivelling, Sputtering and Croaking. I thought the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs, and only the Lower Parts of them are Man's Meat! Near to these, were a Number of old Men, beating their Breasts, and tearing their Faces; and these were Fathers, who damn'd themselves, to raise their Posterity. I have Watch'd; I have Fasted; I scarce allowed my self Cloaths to my Back; and all to get Money for my Children, that I may see them well marry'd, Buy them Places at Court, or procure for them some other Preferment in the World. And the Prodigals are now consuming that Estate, and Squandering it away in Gaming, Lewdness and Drinking, which I scraped together by Oppression and Extortion: And not one Prayer has been put up for my Soul, as if they had received certain Intelligence of my Damnation. What insupportable Torments do I suffer! This should have been thought of before, says a Devil, but you have heard, Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil. At which Words the old Misers broke out into fresh Lamentations, in so rueful a Manner, that I was no longer able to bear them.

The next I saw, were People shut up in the nastiest Court I ever saw; and these were such as had ever in their Mouths, God is Merciful, and will pardon me. They talked of Mercy, but persisted in a wicked Life, which was a Mock to the Almighty, and gave them no Title to that Mercy. For 'tis in vain to Expect Mercy from above, without doing something to obtain it; and

It

ſt properly belongs to the Righteous and the Penitent: And they who have the moſt of it upon their Tongues, have generally the leaſt of it in their Hearts, and 'tis a great Aggravation of Guilt, to Sin the more, in confidence of an Abounding Mercy. 'Tis true, many are received to Mercy, that are unworthy of it; which is no Wonder, ſince no Man of himſelf can deſerve it: But Men are ſo negligent of ſeeking it betimes, that they put that off to the laſt, which ſhould have been the firſt part of their Buſineſs; and many times their Life is at an End, before they begin their Repentance.

I perceived that Cuckholds were all over Hell; and indeed it was no eaſy matter to diſtinguiſh them from Devils; for (like Husbands) they wore their Wives Favours ſtill, and ſome few were *tipt with Gold*. The *Sodomites* were diſperſed up and down, and the *Devils* were forced either to Fly, or Face them; for if they came to give them a *Broad-ſide*, it was ten to one, but they receive a Hit betwixt *Wind* and *Water*. Many were complaining of *ſudden Death: that's a Lye*, quoth the Devil, for no Man dies ſuddenly. Do you complain ſaid he, *of ſudden Death? that have carried Death about you ever ſince you were born; do you not know that every Moment you live, brings you nearer to your End? your Cloaths wear out, your Houſes decay, and do you expect that your Bodies ſhould be immortal? What are the Diſeaſes of Life, but ſo many Warnings to provide your ſelves for a Remove! With what Face then can you charge your Misfortunes upon ſudden Death? you were careleſs and incredulous, and you dye, thinking you are not to dye yet; but forget that Death grows upon you, and whether it finds you well or ill doing, as the Tree falls, ſo it lies.* After this Sermon, I looked about and ſaw a great many Souls in Gally-pots, which made ſuch a damn'd ſtink, that I concluded, I was come to the Devils Houſe-of-Office; but was informed it was a Confection of Apothecaries; a ſort of People, who are commonly damn'd for compounding the Medicines, by

which their Patients hope to be ſaved. Near theſe were a ſet of People grumbling and muttering, becauſe no body lookt after them as if their Tails were not as well worth the Toaſting as their Neighbours. A Devil told me that they were a Company of ungracious Left-handed Wretches, that could do nothing *Aright*; and they were quarter'd by themſelves, becauſe no Body knew how to match them. If a Man meets one of them in a Morning it is look'd upon to be one of the greateſt Ill-Omens: And it was the Curſe of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vexed her, That he might go to the Devil by the ſtroke of a Left-handed Man: And to tell the Truth, they are Creatures made to do Miſchief.

Turning about, I ſaw a Fellow ſitting in a Chair, all alone; I could perceive nothing to torment him and yet, and yet he cry'd out, and roard the moſt hideouſly of any thing I had yet hear'd in Hell; tearing his Fleſh, beating his Body, and his Heart, all the while Bleeding at his Eyes. I ask'd him, what was the Meaning of all that Fury, ſince I could ſee nothing to hurt him. No, no, ſays he, (with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage and Deſpair) "You do not ſee my Tormentors: But the All-ſearching Eye of the Almighty ſees my Pains, as well as my Tranſgreſſions, and with a ſevere, and implacable Juſtice; has condemn'd me to ſuffer a Puniſhment anſwerable to my Crimes. *(Which Words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours)* My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conſcience. My *Memory* ſerves me inſtead of a cruel Devil. The *Remembrance* of the Good I ſhould have done, and omitted; and of the Ill I ſhould not have done, and did; of the wholeſome Counſels I have rejected, and of the ill Examples I have given, rend my very Soul. And for the Aggravation of my Miſery; when my *Memory* ceaſes afflicting me, my Underſtanding begins; repreſenting me the Glories and Beauties I have loſt and others Enjoy; who have gain'd Heaven with

"leſs

" leſs Anxiety and Pain, than I have endured to com-
" paſs my Damnation. I beg in vain, but for one Mo-
" ments Interval of Eaſe, without obtaining any: For
" my Will is alſo as inexorable, as either my Memory,
" or my Underſtanding. And theſe (my Friend, of
" the other World) are the three Faculties of my Soul;
" which Divine Juſtice, for my Sins, have converted
" into Three Tormentors, that Torture me without
" Noiſe; into Three Flames, that burn me without con-
" ſuming. And if I chance, at any time, to have the
" leaſt Remiſſion or Reſpite, the Worm of my Conſci-
" ence gnaws my Soul, and binds it to an inſatiable
" Hunger, an immortal Aliment and Entertainment."
At that Word turning towards me with a Helliſh Yell;
Mortal, ſaid he, *learn and be aſſured from me, that all
thoſe that buſy or miſemploy their Talents carry a Hell
within themſelves, and are damn'd even above Ground*;
and ſo he return'd to his uſual Clamours. Well, ſaid
I, what a Weight of Sin lies upon this Man's Conſcience?
whereupon a Devil told me in my Ear, that this Fellow
had been an Atheiſt, and believed neither God nor De-
vil. Deliver me then, ſaid I, from that Unſanctify'd
Wiſdom, that ſerves us only for our farther Condem-
nation.

Come, Sir, ſaid the Devil to me, (for the Devil can
be mannerly, and play the Courtier, when he pleaſes,)
come with me and I will ſhew you *Judas*, and his
Brethren, the *Treaſurers*, *Stewards*, and *Land-Tax-
Gatherers*: I accepted his Civility, and he conducted
me to *Judas* and his *Companions*. They were telling
Judas Stories of the Pranks and Tricks they had play'd
their Maſters, after his Example; and coming up to
them, I perceived that their Punihment was the ſame
with *Tityus*, who had a Vulture preying continually
upon his *Liver*. I had a ſtrong Inclination to have
ſome Diſcourſe with *Judas*; and ſo I went up to him
and greeted him after this manner. *Thou Perfidious,
Impudent, Impious Creature*, (ſaid I) *to ſell thy Lord
and*

and Maſter at ſo baſe a Price, like an Avaritious Raſ-cal. Hold, hold ſays he, *fair and ſoftly goes far.* If Men were not Ungrateful, they would rather pity, commend me, for an Action ſo much to their Advantage and done in order to their Redemption: And the Miſery is mine, who can have no part my ſelf in the Benefit I have procured to others. But do you take me for the only *Judas*; let me tell you, Sir, there have been many ſince the Death of my Maſter; and there are at this Day more wicked, and ungrateful Ten Thouſand times than my ſelf, who buy and ſell the Lord of Life, Scourging, and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and Ignominy than did the *Jews*. My Repentance now ſignifies nothing; and I am the only Steward, that's condemn'd for Selling; all the reſt are damn'd for Buying. Turning from hence I ſaw a large Building, which look'd methought, like ſome Enchanted Caſtle, or the *Picture of Ill Luck*; and as I came up to the door, I ſaw many *Whores*, and one of the craftieſt Jades of 'em all, asked me *how it came to paſs, that People are damn'd for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for taking away from an other; and we ſuffer the ſame Puniſhment for giving what is our own. I do not find any Injuſtice in our Trade, and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own, why are we condemn'd? I found it a nice Point, and ſo deſired, the Wench might be ſent to *Counſel learned in the Law*, for a Reſolution in the Caſe. Travelling on, I ſaw a multitude of Souls ſhut up in a large Encloſure; ſome weeping and lamenting others in a profound Silence: And this was the *Lovers Quarter.* In the Midſt of them was *Cupid*, a little Beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an old kind of Embroidery; but whether it was the Workmanſhip of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or Meazles, I could not perfectly diſcover. Cloſe by him was this Inſcription.

Many a good Fortune, goes to Rack,
And ſo does many an able Back;
With following Whores, and Cards, and Dice,
We're pox't, and beggar'd in a Trice.

Ah, ah! ſaid I by theſe Rhimes, the Poets ſhould not be far off; and the Words were ſcarce out of my Mouth, when I diſcovered Millions of them through a Park Pale, but would not go near them, leſt they ſhould diſcover me to be one of the Fraternity. My next Viſit was to the *impertinent Devotees*; whoſe very Prayers are made up of *Impiety* and *Extravagance*: and who profane and abuſe Prayer, and Holy Duties, *and treat the Lord of Heaven and Earth in his own Houſe*, with leſs reſpect, than they would a Merchant upon *Change*. (*Lord*, ſays one) *take the old Man, my Father to thyſelf, that I may enjoy his Office and Eſtate. Lord, make me the King's Favourite*, (ſays a ſecond,) *and thy Servant; that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten, grant me this, and I will maintain ſix Blue-coat Boys, and bind them out to Trades; will ſet up a Lecture for every Day in the Week, and contribute towards building the Two and Fifty New Churches, if it ſtands with my Convenience.* Blind and ridiculous Madneſs! ſaid I, for Duſt and Aſhes to reaſon thus with the Almighty, and make Conditions with him! To pray for things as Bleſſings, which are commonly ſhower'd down upon us for our Confuſion and Puniſhment! Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conſcience, encreaſe of Grace, Purity of Mind, a fervent Charity, and the Aid of the Bleſſed Spirit?* Put the caſe, ſaid I, you have what you ask for, what are you the better for the Grant, ſince it fails you at laſt? when you die your Eſtate goes to your Children, and you are ſcarce cold before you are forgotten. At this ſome of the poor Creatures were about to reply, but the Devils put Padlocks upon their Mouths. From hence I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*

zards, such as pretend to cure People by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, and *Characters*: These, says the Devil, are a Company of couzening Rogues, the most accursed Villains in Nature; if they help one Man, which is all *Chance-Work*, they kill another; and forty to one the next Heir does him a good Turn for the *Dispatch*. So that *Hit*, or *Miss*, all's well at last. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, they'll tell you, *they learned the Mystery of a certain Jew*; and there's the *Original* of the *Secret*. In short to hear these *Quacks* give you a History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. Being tired with these Rascals, I went among a Knot of *Astrologers*; and I saw one creeping upon all Four, with a Pair of Compasses between his Teeth, his Spheres and Globes about him, and his *Jacob's* Staff before him; and his Eyes were fixt upon the Stars, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. *Good Lord*, said he, *what an unlucky Dog was I? If I had come into the World but one Minute sooner, I had been saved*: For then *Saturn* shifted, and *Mars* was lodged in the *House of Life*. Another that followed him, bid the Tormentors be sure he was dead; for says he, I am little doubtful of it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendant*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to Cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live precisely a *Hundred Years and one*; *Two Months*; *Six Days*; *Four Hours*; *and Three Minutes*. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters innumerable*; besides divers private Boxes for Lords and Ladies, and other Personages of great Quality, that put their Trust in these *Disciples* of the *Devil*; and go to *Moor-fields* or *Exeter-Court* for Resolutions in case of *Death*, *Love*, or Marriage, and then to recover a Gold Watch, or a *Pearl Neck-Lace*.

Not

Not far from these were a Company of handsome Women, tormented by Witches; which grieved my Heart to see it. What, says a Devil, have you so soon forgot the Roguery of these Carrions? They are the very Poyson of Life, corrupt all your Senses, and disturb the Faculties of your Soul, these are they that couzen and delude you, with false Appearances, and set up your *Wills* in Opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, I have found them so: But let's go on to see the rest.

I had Scarce gone three Steps farther, but I found my self in such a terrible dark Place, that it was a Mercy we knew where we were. The first thing at the Entrance was *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice* with a Countenance full of the highest Pride and Insolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *Obstinate, and incorrigible*, *Infidelity*, *Rash*, and *Imperious*, *Blasphemy*, with *Garments* dipt *in Blood*, Eyes Sparkling, and *a hundred Pair of Chops barking at Providence*, and vomiting Rage and Poyson I went in fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever made their Appearance upon the Stage of the Universe; and at their Feet, in a pompous Dress, was lascivious *Barbara*, Second Wife to the Emperor, *Sigismond*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: She agreed with *Messalina* in one thing, namely, that Virginity was a Burthen, and a Folly, and who in her whole Life was never *wearied* or *satisfy'd*. But she exceeded her in her Opinion concerning the Soul and the Body, for she believed that they were both mortal; however she was now better instructed, and burned like a Bundle of Matches.

As I went forward, I saw an ill-looked Fellow in a Corner all alone, with the Flames about his Ears, gnashing his Teeth, and *Blaspheming* through *Fury* and *Despair*; I went up to him, and demanded his Name,

and

and he answered, *Mahomet*. Is it so? said I, why then thou art the damnedst Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither, than half the World besides; thou hast been *Lucifer*'s Prime Agent, and he has well done to allot thee a Place by thy self, lest thou shou'dst infect his Subjects with thy cursed Principles, though to give thee thy due, thou hast deserved the greatest Preferment in his Dominions. But prithee, Master Impostor, answer one Question, why didst thou prohibit all thy Disciples from drinking Wine, oh! says he, I have made them so drunk with my *Alchoran*, that they need not any Tipple. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swine's-flesh* also? Because says he, I would not affront the *Jambon*, for *Water* upon *Gammon* would be *false Heraldry*. Besides, I never had so much Value or Affection for my People, as to indulge them to gratify their Tastes with the Grape, or the *Spare-rib*. And lest by chance, they should grope out their way to Heaven, I established my Power and my Dominions, by Force of Arms; and would not suffer my Laws to be Subject to idle Disputes and Discourses of *Reason*. I must confess indeed, that there is very little *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and yet I have Multitudes of *Disciples!* But they follow me more out of *Appetite*, than *Religion*, or else for the *pretended Miracles I work*. I allow them Liberty of Conscience, which is a never-failing Bait, so that they may have as many Wives as they can maintain, and do what they will, provided they do not meddle with State Affairs. But look about you, and you will find more *Knaves* than *Mahomet*.

Turning to the Left, I was presently encompassed with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and their Adherents, many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their Leaders. One among the rest was attacked by a Brace of Devils, each of them with a Pair of Bellows, puffing into his Ears *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *Hot-headed*. There was another, who as I was informed, was a kind of *Simoniac*, and had taken his Seat in the

Chair

hair of Peſtilence; but it was ſo very dark, that I ould not diſtinguiſh whether he was a *Pope* or a *Presby-r*.

By this time I had my Belly full of Hell, and wiſh'd y ſelf out again; but as I was looking for a Retreat, ſtumbled upon a long Gallery, where I ſaw *Lucifer* imſelf, ſitting in State, and all his Courtiers about him, *Male* and *Female*; for let Married-men ſay what they ill, I do affirm that there are *She-devils*. I ſhould ave been at a damned loſs how to behave my ſelf a-ong ſo many ſtrange Faces, if one of the *Gentlemen-bers*, then in waiting, had not come up to me, and aking his Obeiſance, told me, that as I was a Stran-er, it was his Diabolical Majeſty's Royal Will and Pleaſure, I ſhould enter, and have free Liberty of ſee-g every thing that was in the Court. Compliments king paſſed on both ſides, (for you muſt know that e Court of Hell is deviliſh full of Manners) I began look about me, but never did I ſee a Palace ſo fur-iſhed, nor comparable to it. Our Furniture at the eſt is but a Choice Collection of dumb Statues, or ieces of Painting, without Life, Senſe or Motion, ut there all the Pieces were animated, and no Traſh n the whole Inventory. There was ſcarce any thing to e ſeen, but Emperors and Princes, with ſome of their obles, who were Favourites, and Miniſters of State. he firſt Rank was taken up by the *Ottoman* Family, nd after them ſet the *Roman* Emperors, in their Order; nd the *Roman* Kings down to *Tarquin the Proud*, and ſides theſe there were *Highneſſes* and *Graces*, *Lords piritual* and *Temporal*, innumerable. My Lungs now gan to call for ſome freſh Air, and I deſired my Guide ſhew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my eart, ſays he; and ſo I was conducted by the Maſter f the Ceremonies, by a *back Paſſage* into *Lucifer*'s ouſe-of-Office, the Door of which was kept by *Oliver romwell*. Here I ſaw I know not how many Tun of *r-reverence*, and Bales of *Flattering Panegyricks*, not

to

to be numbered, all of them *Licenſed*, and *Entered* a*cording to* Order. I could not forbear laughing at th Proviſion of *Bum-fodder*, and my Guide took Notic it, who was a *damn'd Merry-Andrew*. At length led me to a Hole like the Vent of a Vault, and I cr through as nimbly as if the Devil had given me a lift the Crupper, when to my unſpeakable Comfort, I fou my ſelf in the *Park* again, where I began to reflect up what others endured, and alſo upon my own eaſy a happy Condition, who had deſerved, perhaps, t contrary as well as they. This Thought put me upo Reſolution of leading ſuch a Courſe of Life for the ture, that I may not come to feel theſe Torments in Re lity which I had only ſeen in Viſion.

TH

THE SEVENTH VISION OF *HELL Reformed.*

THERE happened the other Day ſuch a terrible Uproar in Hell, that though it be a Place of perpetual Diſorder and Confuſion et the oldeſt Devil there never new the Like; the Inabitants expected to ſee all things turned *Topſy-turvy*, d *their Empire diſſolved.* The *Devils* attack the *amned*, and the *Damned* aſſaulted the *Devils*; all nning *Helter-skelter*, for it was nothing elſe but a geral Revolt. This *Hurly-burly* laſted for ſome time, t at laſt there came Intelligence, that a *Monſtrous alker*, a *Pragmatical Buſy-body*, and an *Old Baud* a *Governante*, had knockt of their Shackles, and occaſied all this Confuſion.

Lucifer in the mean time when *Yelping* up and down, d *calling* for *Chains*, *Bolts*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, *Handffs*, and *Thumb-Screws*, to tie up his Priſoners again, hen in the middle of his *Carreer*, he and the *Talker*, et *Full-but.* Staring a while one at the other; ince of mine, ſays the *Talker*, your Servants are a Pack *Lazy*, *droning*, *good-for-nothing Devils*, and leave your Affairs, at Six and Seven. Beſides, you have many

many abroad, who have out ſtay'd their *Commiſſion* and yet do not ſend you an Account of what they have done. The *Governante*, who had been blowing up the Coals, and ſowing Sedition, coming by in the Interim ſtopt ſhort, and thus addreſs'd herſelf to *Lucifer*. Look to your ſelf, I adviſe you, for there is a damnable Plot againſt your *Diabolical* Crown and *Dignity*: *There are two Tyrants, three Uſurpers, four Sycophants, a World of Phyſicians, and whole Legions of Lawyers and Attorneys.* But a Word in your Ear; there is among them a *Mungrel-Prieſt*, (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*,) that will give you a Bone to pick, if you have not a Care of him.

The very Name of *Prieſt*, and *Lay-Elder*, made *Lucifer* turn as pale as Death and his Countenance diſcovered the Fear he was in. After a little Pauſe, he rouzed himſelf as out of a Trance, and gathering his ſcattered Senſes, he ſaid, *A Prieſt! a Lay-elder? Tyrants! Uſurpers! Sycophants! Phyſicians! Lawyers! Attorneys! 'Oonds, a Compoſition enough to Poyſon the Devils in Hell and purge their Guts out.* Away he goes to viſit the *Avenues*, and ſet his *Guards*, and whom ſhould he meet, but the *Buſy-body*? Nay, then (ſays he) here is the *Fore-runner of Ill-Luck.* But what's the Matter? Matter! Says the *Buſy-body*, and then after a *long Canterbury-tale of a Dog and a Bull*, he gave him to underſtand, that a great many of the *damn'd* had contrived an Eſcape, under Pretence, forſooth, of ſettling a better Intelligence, between *Earth* and *Hell*, with a hundred other idle Stories; and would have gone on to this time, if *Lucifer* would have liſten'd to him. But he had other Fiſh to Fry; for his very Life was at Stake; and ſo he went to Strengthen his Guards and put all into a Poſture of Defence, and for the further Security of his Royal Perſon, he incorporated into *his own Regiment*, two Batallions of *Informers*, and *Meſs-John's* whom he knew to be no *Flinchers.*

He firſt Survey'd the *Vaults* and the *Dungeon*, a-
ng his *Jaylers* and *Priſoners*: The *Talker* marched
he *Van*, ſetting People together by the Ears, and
they knew not why, or wherefore. The *Governante*
e next, full of *News* and *Tittle-Tattle*, and telling
Tale all the Way ſhe went. In the Breech of her
owed the *Buſy-body*, learing as he paſſed along,
ſpaking fair to every Soul, he ſaw. He gave *one*
Bow; *t'other a Kiſs*; *your moſt humble Servant to a*
rd; *Can I ſerve you, Sir, to a fourth*; but every
mpliment was worſe to them than Fire it ſelf. Ah
ter! Says one, for pity's ſake take away this new
rmentor, cry's a ſecond; this Fellow is *Hell upon Hell*
a third. As he went on, there was a Rabble of
ſcals, with a moſt eminent *Knight of the Poſt* in the
ſt of them, *who was inſtructing that venerable Soci-*
in the Art and Myſtery of Swearing and Lying. His
thod was ſo eaſy, and his Rules ſo plain, that he
uld have taught any Man in an Quarter of an hour
prove any thing upon Oath, he had never ſeen, or
rd in his Life. But as ſoon as this Great Maſter of
Trade had caſt an Eye upon the *Buſy-body*, he
ted up, and ſaid, what? *Is that Devil here?* I
e hither on purpoſe to avoid him; and could
have dreamed that he would have been in *Hell*,
ould have gone my ſelf to *Paradiſe*.

A confuſed Noiſe of *Blows* and *Out-crys* called us from
ce, and we ſaw ſeveral Perſons falling upon one ano-
r like Lightening: One of them appeared to be an
mperor, *crowned* with *Lawrel*, and ſurrounded with
nſellors, who had all their *Statutes* and *Records* at
ir Fingers end. They endeavoured to prove, that a
ng might be killed in his Perſonal Capacity, and his
litick Capacity be never the worſe for it: And upon
s point they were at *Daggers drawn* with the *Em-*
r. *Lucifer* came up to him, and with a Voice that
de Hell ſhake, demanded who he was? And how
durſt take upon him in ſuch a Manner in his Domini-

ons?

ons? I am (quoth he) the Great *Julius Cæsar*, wh
thought to have revenged my self upon those blood
Regicides, *Brutus* and *Cassius*, for murdering me in th
Senate, under colour, forsooth, asserting the *Comm*
Liberty, whereas they did it out of *Malice*, and *Env*
They hated the *Emperor*, and not the *Empire*, and t
Reason they gave for destroying me, was because I i
troduced *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *M*
narchy by it? No, they confirmed it, and did mo
Mischief in taking away *my Life*, than I did in d
solving their *Republick*. *Tell me, says he, ye curs*
Blood-hounds, was your Government better in the Han
of your Senators, a Company of talking Gown-men, th
knew not how to keep it, or in the Hands of a Soldi
that won it by his Merit? A fine Speech will not fit Me
for Government, nor will a Crown sit well upon the Hea
of a Pedant: he is the only true Patriot that advances t
Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Hono
Who has most Right to Rule, he that only knows t
Laws, or he that Maintains *them? The one* Studies t
Government, and the other Protects *it. Wretched R*
publick! you call it Freedom to obey a divided Mul
tude, and Slavery to serve a single Person; Oh! h
much better had it been for Rome *to have preserved th*
one Son, who made her Mistress of the World, than t
Multitude of covetous little Fellows, falsely stilled F
thers of their Country *who by so many intestine War*
rendered her but a Step-mother *to her own Ch*
dren.

This Discourse put *Brutus* into the utmost Shame a
Confusion; but at last, with a Feeble Voice, he sa
Gentlemen of the Senate, do you not hear *Cæsar*? W
you suffer the Blame to be laid upon your Tools, wh
you your selves were the Contrivers of the Conspira
Cassius and I were but your *Bravo's*, not dreaming
that insatiable Ambition that lerked under the Grav
of your long Beards and Robes: But 'tis the Prac
of you *Republicans*, to Arrain that Tyranny in
Prin

Prince, which you would Exerciſe your ſelves. When you have been inveſted with Power, though illegally obtained, it is more dangerous for a Prince not to comply with your Exorbitant Demands, than for a Vaſſal to rebel againſt his Prince. To what end ſerved your perfidious Treaſon? Anſwer to *Cæſar*: for our Parts we feel the Severity of our Puniſhment, in the Conſciouſneſs of our Crime.

When *Brutus* had thus ſpoke, up riſes a *Hollow-eyed, Supercilious Senator*, with a *Presbyterian Countenance*, the Muſcles of whoſe Face diſplay'd his *Antimonarchical* Principles; he was one of the Conſpirators, and was then blazing like a *Pitch-barrel*. Prince, ſays he to *Cæſar*, if King *Ptolemy* murthered *Pompey the Great* upon whoſe Score he held his Kingdom; why might not the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover what you had taken from them? 'tis true you wept at the ſight of *Pompey's Head*, but ſuch Tears were more treacherous than the Steel that killed him: And now in the caſe between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, let the Devils themſelves be Judges. The Death of *Cæſar* had been the Recovery of our *Republick*, if the Multitude had not killed in others of his Kindred to the Government, which rendered thy Fall the very *Hydra* of the Empire.

At this they had another Skirmiſh, but *Lucifer* commanded *Cæſar* to his Cell, and there to abide ſuch Puniſhment as he deſerved, becauſe he did not regard the Warnings he had of approaching Fate. *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were ſent to the *Politick Fools*; and the *Senators* were diſpatched away to the *Murthering Jews* to ſit as *Aſſiſtants* in the *Devil's Inquiſition*.

Hearing a Murmuring Noiſe as of People talking at Diſtance, I drew nearer to them, and then it was but a Word and a Blow, till at length they were all together by the Ears. Theſe were Emperors, Magiſtrates, and Generals of Armies. *Lucifer* commanded Peace and Silence, and they all obey'd, when preſently a Fellow,

full of Wounds and Scars, began to ſpeak, and ſaid his Name was *Clitus*; but another at his Elbow told him he was very Sawcy, in preſuming to ſpeak before his time, and therefore demanded Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and puiſſant* Alexander, *the Son of* Jupiter, *and Terror of the World.* He was proceeding with his other *Qualities* and *Titles*, when the *Cryer* of the Court commanded ſilence, and bid *Clitus* begin his Story.

I was ſays he, if it pleaſes your Majeſty, the firſt Favourite of this Emperor, who was then ſaid to be Lord of the known World, and boaſted himſelf to be the Son of *Jupiter Hammon*: But after all his Conqueſts, he was a Slave to his Paſſions, Raſh, Cruel, and conſequently incapable of Counſel or Friendſhip. I ſerved him faithfully, and as he run into foul Exceſſes I took a Freedom with all poſſible Modeſty to ſhew him his Errors. Talking with him one Day about *Philip* (that brave Prince from whom he received his being) I told him frankly what I thought of his Ingratitude and Vanity, and deſired him to treat his dead Father with more reſpect, as a Perſon worthy of eternal Honour. This Commendation of *Philip* ſo enraged him, that taking up a Partizan, he inſtantly ſtruck me dead upon the Place, with his own Hand. Meeting him here juſt now in *Hell*, I asked him what was become of his Father *Jupiter*, that he lay ſo long by't? and whether he was not convinced that all Flatterers were a Company of Raſcals, who with their *Incenſe* and *Altars*, would perſuade him that he was of *Divine Extraction*, and *Heir-apparent to the Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This was the Ground of our Quarrel. You'll find, ſays *Satan*, that *Tyrants* will ſhew their People many a *Devil trick*, when the Humour takes them. The *Good* they *hate*, for not being *Wicked*; and the *Bad*, becauſe they are not *Worſe*. How many Favourites have you ſee come to a fair and timely end? The *Tyrant* Values them no longer then they are ſubſervient to his Will and

Pleaſure

Pleaſure, they are his *Tools* and when their *Edge* begins to grow *Blunt*, he throws them away, as *uſeleſs*, he cares not what becomes of them, and ſupplies their Places with others. Remember the Emblem of the *Spunge*, and that's the Uſe, that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*: *They let them ſuck and fill, and then Squeeze them for their own Profit.*

At that Word, a venerable old Man, as pale as if he had no Blood in his Veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him that the Emblem of the Spunge was very pat to his Caſe. " I was a great Favourite, *ſays he*, and a great Hoarder of Treaſure; a *Spaniard* by Birth, and the Tutor and Confident of *Nero*, my Name is *Seneca*. Indeed his Bounties were to exceſs; he gave me without asking, and in taking I was never coveteous but obedient, and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuſe, without ſome Reflection upon the Generoſity or Diſcretion of his Maſter: For 'tis not the *Merit*, or *Modeſty* of the *Vaſſal*, but the *Glory* of the *Prince* that is in queſtion, and he is the beſt Subject that contributes the moſt to the Splendor and Reputation of his *Sovereign*. I managed his Liberality with all the Moderation imaginable; yet all too little to preſerve me from the Strokes of Envious and Malicious Tongues. Finding my Credit to decline with my Maſter, I deſigned to withdraw my ſelf from being the *Mark* of a *Publick Envy*: So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all poſſible reſpect and Humility, made him a preſent back again of his own *Bounties*. *The Truth is, I had ſo* great a *Paſſion* for his *Service, that neither* the Severity of his *Nature*, nor the Debauchery of his *Manners*, could ever deter me from exhorting him to better Courſes, and paying him all the Duties of a *Loyal* Subject: Eſpecially in caſes of *Cruelty* and *Blood*. I laid it daily to his Conſcience, but all to little purpoſe, for he put his own Mother to Death, laid the City of *Rome* in Aſhes, and indeed depopulated the Empire of Honeſt Men. This

" drew on *Piſo*'s Conſpiracy, which was better *laid* than
" *executed*; for upon the Diſcovery, the prime Inſtru-
" ments loſt their Lives, and by divine Providence,
" this Prince was preſerved, (as one would have
" thought) in order that he ſhould repent, and change
" his Courſe of Life; but he was never the better. At
" the ſame time he put *Lucan* to Death, for no other
" Reaſon than becauſe he was a better Poet than himſelf;
" and if he gave me my Choice what Death to die, it
" was rather *Cruelty* than *Pity*; for in the Deliberation
" what Death to chuſe, I ſuffered all even in the Ter-
" ror and Apprehenſion that made me refuſe the reſt.
" The Election I made, was to bleed to Death in a
" Bath; and to my farther Affliction, I have again
" met with this wicked Prince, ſtudying new *Cruelties*
" and inſtructing the very Devils themſelves in the Art of
" *Tormenting*.

Upon this *Nero* advanced with his ill-favour'd Countenance. Is it proper, *ſays he*, that a Prince's *Favourite or Tutor* ſhall make Proclamation to the World that he is the Wiſer of the two. While *Seneca* kept himſelf within Bounds, I lodged him in my Boſom; but when he publiſhed to the World that it was *Seneca*, and not *Nero* that ruled the Empire, nothing leſs then his Blood could make Attonement for ſuch an intolerable Affront. Draw near my Royal Brethren, ſpeak freely, did you ever ſuffer any Favourite to eſcape unpuniſhed, who had the Impudence to write, *I and my King*, or to boaſt himſelf a better *Stateſman* than his Maſter; No, no, they all cryed with one Voice, it never was, and never ſhall be endured. *A wiſe Counſellor at the Elbow of a Prince is a Treaſure, and ought to be ſo eſteemed*, while he cries up the Abilities and Juſtice of the Prince; but when his Vanity Tranſports him to the Contrary, *away with him to the Dogs*.

The next that appeared was *Sejanus*, who was ſo great a Favourite of *Tiberius*, that he made him his Partner and Companion in the Empire, and cauſed

Stat

Statues to be erected. Nevertheless, he let him fall, and deliver'd him to the Fury of the enrag'd Multitude, who dragged him along the Streets, and happy was he, who could get a Piece of his Flesh to carry upon a Javelin's Point in Triumph. He was very wicked by his own Confession, and *Tiberius* was no less cruel in putting to Death the innocent Children of *Sejanus*. He had one Daughter, whom the very Law exempted from Punishment, on account of her Virginity; but to clear that Scruple, she was condemn'd to be first ravish'd by the Hangman, and then to be beheaded, and treated like her Father. To this Purpose *Sejanus* spoke, and then turning about, said, O *Lucifer, Lucifer!* you know very well, that it is the common Custom of *Tyrants*, when they do amiss, to lay all the Blame (and Punishment too) upon the Instrument, and hang the *Minister* for the *Master*'s Fault. This is the end of all Favourites, *cries one*; not one Half-penny matter, if they were all served so, *says another*. The Truth is that the Greatness of a Favourite, proclaims the Greatness of his Maker; and a Prince, who supports what he has once raised, does but justify the Prudence of his own Choice; and when ever he comes to undo what he has done, he publishes himself to be light and inconstant, and does, in effect, declare himself (*even against himself*) of the Enemies Party.

Up stept *Plautian* (the Favourite of *Severus*) who was thrown out of a Garret Window to make Sport for the People, he was followed by many others, but they were all forced to make way for *Belizarius* the *Favourite of Justinian*, who, blind as he was, desired Audience, which was granted him; and *Silence* being commanded, he said, as follows.

Princes, before they destroy the Creatures they have raised and chosen, would do well to consider that Cruelty and Inconstancy are by much a greater Infamy to them, than the worst Effects of it can be to a *Favourite*.

I ſerved an Emperor, who was both a Chriſtian, and a great Lover and Promoter of *Juſtice*. And yet after all the Services, I had done him in many Battles, my Reward at laſt, was to have my Eyes put out, and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turned a begging from Door to Door. Thus was *Belliſarius* treated, whose very Name had been worth an *Army*; and who was the Soul of his Friends, and Terror of his Enemies. "Lo, "a Prince's Favour is like Quick-ſilver, reſtleſs and "ſlippery, never to be fixed, never ſecured; force it "and it ſpends it ſelf in Fumes; ſublime it, and 'tis "mortal Poyſon; handle it only, and it works into "the very Bones, and they who have to do with it "live and die pale and trembling.

At theſe Words all the Favourites ſet up a hideous Groan, reciting at the ſame time ſeveral Paſſages out of the Prophet *Habbakkuk*, againſt careleſs and wicked Governors. By which Threatenings is given to underſtand, *That the Almighty, when he has a Mind to deſtroy a wicked Ruler, does not always puniſh one Potentate by another, and bring his Ends about by a Trial of Arms, or the Event of a Battle; but many times makes uſe of things the moſt vile and abject, to confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Catterpillars, and Lice, to ſerve him, as the Miniſters of his terrible Juſtice: Nay, the Stones in the Wall, and the Beam in the Houſe ſhall riſe in Judgment againſt them.*

Preſently there appear'd *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alceſtes*, *Andromachus*, and *Buſiris*, and a Multitude of great Perſonages more. As ſoon as *Lucifer* ſaw them, he diſpoſed himſelf to treat that Majeſtical Appearance, as much to their Satisfaction as poſſible. Then came up a grave ancient Man, with a great Train at his Heels, who were all bloody, and full of the Marks they had received, under the Perſecution of theſe Tyrants. Turning about, I asked who they were; and the *Maſter* of

the Ceremonies told me, that the seven in the First Rank, were the *Seven Wisemen* of *Greece*: He there in the Mortar, says he, is *Anaxarchus*, who was pounded to Death by command of *Neocreon*; he with the Flat Nose, is *Socrates*; the little crump-shouldred Fellow is the famous *Aristotle*, and the other next him, is he who was call'd the divine *Plato*. The rest are all of the same Profession, Grave and Learned Philosophers, who have displeased Tyrants with their Writings; and in short, the World is stored with their Works, and Hell with their Authors. At that Instant, up steps the grave ancient Man, before mentioned, whose Name was *Solon*, and after three low Bows, made the following Speech.

Most Mighty *Lucifer*, we are all of us Dealers in Politicks; great Writers, and deep-read Men in the Maxims of State and Government. We have digested Policy into a Method, and laid down certain Rules, by which Princes may make themselves great and Beloved. We have advised them to administer *Justice* impartially, to reward Virtue, as well Military as Civil; to employ able Men, to banish Flatterers, and to put Men of Wisdom and Integrity, [Men who prefer the Honour of their Prince, and the Love and Well-fare of their Country, before their own private Interest, and who will not raise their Fortunes by *abusing* the one or by *plundering* the other,] into Places of Trust. We advised them farther, as they are God's Vice-gerents, to reward and Punish, without Passion, and according to the Merits or Demerits of the Cause. This now is our Offence. We name no Body; but it is Crime enough to wish well to the Way, and to the Lovers of Virtue. Then turning towards the Tyrants he said, Oh! most unjust Princes, those glorious Kings and Emperors, from whom we took the Model of our Laws and Instructions, are now in a State of Rest and Comfort, while you are tormented. *Numa* is a Star in the Firmament, and Tarquin a Fire-brand in Hell: And the Memory of *Augustus* and *Trajan* is still fresh and fragrant, while

the Names of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus* are more putrid and odious than their Bodies.

When *Dyonisius*, the Tyrant, heard this, Flesh and Blood could hold no longer, and he cry'd out in a Rage that Rogue's-face, that Philosopher, has told a thousand Lies: Legislators are you with a Vox? Yes, yes, you are sweet Legislators, and Princes are wonderfully obliged to you. No, no, Sirrah, says he to *Solon*, ye are all a Company of Quacks, and prate of things ye do not understand; and with your unseasonable Moralities, set the People agog upon Liberty; cry up the Doctrine of *Free-born* Subjects, and cry down the Doctrine of *Passive-obedience*, and then our Portion is Persecution in one World and Infamy in t'other.

We shall have a fine time on't, my most gracious Sovereign, says *Julian the Apostate*, Staring *Lucifer* in the Face, when these Dunghil-pedants, these ill-bred beggarly Tatterdemallions, shall erect a Committee for Politicks, and pass Sentence upon Governors and Governments. A brave Prince had better be damned, than subject himself to the Dictates of these Turdy-facy-furtical Rascals, with a scabbed Head, and a Plantation of Lice in his Beard. Where's our Sovereignity, if we have not our Subjects Lives and Estates at our Mercy? and where is our absolute Power, if we submit to the Counsel of our Vassals? These contemplative *Idiots* would have us make Choice of good Officers, to keep the Bad in Order, which would be downright Madness, in our Condition: Let them be submissive, and no matter for any other Merits or Virtues. Does not daily experience convince us, *that a Parcel of good Officers, handsomely dispersed among a pack of Knaves and Atheists, will make us a Party at any time, and carry our point at a dead Lift?* Whereas all is lost, that's bestowed upon *Honest Men*, for they are our Enemies, speak Truth, all of ye, and shame the Devil, is it not so? for the Butcher fats his Sheep only for the Shambles.

He

He had no ſooner ſpoke but *Domitian* appeared in great Fury, lugging in poor *Suetonius* by the Ears. There is not ſays he ſuch a damned Generation of Scribling Rogues, as theſe *Hiſtorians*: We can not be quiet for them, Living or Dead; they haunt us in our very Graves, and when they have vented the Humour of their own Brains, that forſooth muſt be called, *the Life of ſuch an Emperor.* In one Place this impertinent Chronicler ſays of my ſelf, *that I had Squandered away my Treaſure in expenſive Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to my Soldiers.* Now I deſire to know which way it could be better employ'd, than in ſupporting Tradeſmen in Princely Diverſions, and rewarding Men of Merit

In another Place he ſays, that *Domitian, to lick himſelf whole, fell to plundering, raking, and ſcraping whatever he could from the Dead and the Living; and any Raſcal's Teſtimony was Proof enough for a Confiſcation; for there needed no more to ruin an honeſt Man, than to tell a Tale at Court, that ſuch a one had ſpoken ill of the Prince. That the ſame* Domitian *had ſeized ſeveral Eſtates, without any Right whatſoever; and there wanted nothing more to confirm his Title, than for a falſe Witneſs to depoſe, that he heard the deceaſed declare before he dy'd, that he made* Cæſar *his Heir.* Be ye Judges now, *Gentlemen of the Black-guard,* if theſe are not moſt intollerable *Indignities.* Is this the way of treating Majeſty? What could this *Impudent Pedant* have ſaid worſe, if he had been ſpeaking of a *Pick pocket,* or a *Pirate?* I am amazed, that my Succeſſors ſhould ever ſuffer theſe Scandalous Reports to be publiſhed againſt any Prince, who had laid out ſo much Money in repairing the Publick Libraries.

I acknowledge, ſays *Suetonius,* in a doleful Tone, that you did ſuch a good Action: and I did not forget to make mention of it to your Honour. You very well know, that I have ſaid nothing of you, but what is true; and what will you ſay, if I ſhew you, under your

Hand, this *execrable* and *impious Blasphemy? It is the Command of our Lord and our God.* I have written the Lives of the great *Julius Cæsar*, and the Divine *Augustus*, and all the World will say, that I have done them Right: But for *you*, and *such* as you, who are in effect but so many *incarnate* and *Crowned Plagues*; what Fault have I committed in setting before your Eyes those *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth look upon with *Terror* and *Horror*.

Suetonius would have proceeded, but his Discourse was interrupted by a loud Noise, and we could only distinguish, *Mittimus's, Constables, read the Proclamation, order the Sheriff to raise the* Posse. These strange and unprecedented Out-cries put *Lucifer* into *a Brown Study*; he could not imagine the meaning of them, till at last in comes the *Busy-body*, and shaking *Lucifer*, who was *in the Dumps*, told him there was the Devil and all to do without, between the *Trading Justices*, their *Clerks*, and *Informers*. *Trading Justices?* Says *Lucifer*, what Species of Animals are they? *Fish, Flesh, or good Red Herring?* Neither, said the *Busy-body*; but this is not a time for delay: Hasten and stop the Riot, or perhaps you may soon find that Hell will be to hot to hold you. Away goes *Lucifer*, with a heavy Heart, but taking Courage when he came near them, commanded them to *keep the Peace*, and they all stood as motionless, as so many Statues. He demanded the Cause of such a Tumult, and then every one of the *Trading Justices* began to open their Mouths; each claiming a Right to speak first, insomuch that there was almost as great a Confusion among them, as was known at *Babylon*. His *Diabolical Majesty* being informed that they were the Parties accused, he ordered their Accusers to chuse one from among themselves, who should make good the Charge; and thereupon they selected one, who was both *Clerk* and *Informer*, and consequently, like a *Knight of the Shire*, represented them all.

Mighty *Lucifer*, says he, we have been the Tools of these

theſe *Barterers of Juſtice*, we have, by their Orders, *brought Griſt to their Mills*, and yet they had not the Conſcience to let us taſte the Fruit of our Labour. They would portion us out our ſeveral Stations, as *Jonathan Wild* (of infamous Memory) uſed to allot to the Thieves what *Lock* they were to go upon, and in what *Quarter*: For when *Trade* began to decay, and we could no longer excite the Neighbours to quarrel with one another, on Account of the falſe Stories, we uſed to raiſe among them, by command of our Maſters; then we were ordered to ſcour the adjacent Villages on the Sabbath-Day, and return the Names of ſuch as ſold Drink in Sermon-time. Upon our Information, Warrants were diſpatched to apprehend the *Ale-Drapers*, who on the Monday Morning following were brought in whole Shoals and oblige to pay ten Shillings *per* Man, as a Penalty for the Crime they had committed, and one Shilling for the Warrant, and another for diſcharging the ſame. So that by theſe indirect Practices, each *Juſtice Trading* in this particular Branch alone, would put into his Pocket one hundred Pound Sterl. *per Annum*, and would ſcarce allow us Bread to our Porridge. At other times we were obliged to attend our Maſters in lying in Ambuſcade to Watch ſuch Butchers, as ſold Meat on the *Sabbath*, when preſently we ruſhed in upon them, and brought away all the Joints in their Shops. The beſt they would keep for their own Eating, the next they would ſend to their poor Relations, and now and then we came in for a Piece; ſome they would ſell privately, and what was ſcarce worth giving to the Dogs, they ſent to relieve Priſoners in the next Goal. My Maſter, (for there he ſtands with his fat Paunch, and Brazen Countenance, and let him deny it if he can) had like to have had *Sower Sauce with his ſweet Meat*, he heard that a Neighbour had ſent a Veniſon-paſty to the Oven, and watching the Opportunity, ſeized it as the Baker was carrying it home, (and by the Bye made him pay Ten-ſhillings) and brought it to his own Houſe, where it

it was devoured in the ſpace of two Days. This was downright *Felony*, for he ought to have ſent it to the Debtors and other Priſoners, who were confined. Our Neighbour, who was not mealy-mouthed, was vexed to have his Company diſappointed, and hearing what had become of his Pafty, told my Maſter, that he would indict him at the next Quarter Seſſions, and taking out a Warrant, obliged him to give in ſubſtantial Bail. His Worſhip was now compelled to work his Wits, and with the help of a few Friends, and ſome Money, prevailed with his too eaſy Neighbour to be pacify'd, and to drop the Proſecution. The Bill was return'd *Ignoramus*, becauſe no body appeared; and his Worſhip, to demonſtrate that he knew how to turn the Penny, indicts his Neighbour for *compounding the Felony*, recovers *Forty Pounds*, and *Coſts of Suit.*

It would be an endleſs Piece of Work to recite all the Arts and Siniſter ways, which theſe *Trading Juſtices* have uſed to enrich themſelves. Some times we have been forced to pick up Women, or at leaſt pretend to do ſo, when preſently others of our Fraternity would *Swoop* upon them, as a Hawk does upon his Prey, and hurry them to the *Round-houſe*, from whence the poor Innocent Souls were carried next Morning before theſe *unrighteous Magiſtrates*, who preſently committed them to *Bridewell*, becauſe they had a Fellow-feeling with the Keeper, and went Snacks with him. If they had Friends, they were admitted to Bail, for which they were ſure to pay dear enough: And for thoſe who had no Sureties, we were diſpatched to Tamper with them, who were glad, poor Souls! To ſell or pawn the Cloaths off their Backs, to raiſe a *Guinea* in order to make Intereſt with the *Juſtice* to grant them a Diſcharge, for which they were to pay two Shillings more, ſo that every ſuch hopeful Magiſtrate would give his *Clerk* or his *Informer* one Shilling, and ſecure to himſelf twenty-two by each Priſoner. I have filled up *Fifteen-hundred* Warrants

Warrants in one Week for apprehending ſuch poor Indigent People, who ſold Apples, Nuts, Gingerbread, and ſuch like ſmall Ware on a Sunday; though the Wretches had no other means of maintaining themſelves and their Children, and thereby preventing them from becoming a Burthen and Charge to the Pariſh. But his Worſhip regarded not the Cries of the Widows and Orphans, nor did he mind their Poverty; he made them pay the laſt Penny, and ſhewed them no more Mercy, than I hope they will receive from your *Infernal Majeſty*.

O ye *Idolizers* of Mammon, (ſays he turning to the *Trading Juſtices*) lay your Hands on your Hearts, and anſwer my Queſtion; did you not Swear, did you not take a Solemn Oath, that you would not *ſell Juſtice?* That you would not *Neglect to do Juſtice?* That you would not *differ to Adminiſter Juſtice?* And yet what were your Houſes, but ſo many Market places, where you *barter'd and ſold Juſtice* daily? How often have you *omitted to do Juſtice?* How often *d fer'd the Adminiſtration of it*, by inſiſting upon exorbitant Bail; thereby detaining poor Delinquents in Priſon, till they have been forced to move themſelves by a *Habeas Corpus*; and then the tenth part of the Sum has been thought ſufficient by your *Betters* and *Superiors*, which your ſqueamiſh Stomachs, forſooth, could not digeſt, becauſe you were not *bribed* to accept it. How often have you arraigned, condemned, and puniſhed thoſe Vices in others, which you practiſed your ſelves? How many have you ordered to be put in the *Stocks* for being Drunk; and yet you your ſelves have gorged ſo much Wine and Punch that when you have been brought home, you were not able to ſtand on your Feet? You have *committed* ſome or lewd Talk, and made others pay for Swearing, and *very conſcientiouſly* put the Money in your own Pockets, which of Right belonged to the *Poor*; and yet your Private Diſcourſe was as full of Bawdy, as *Rochester's* Poems; and you would *Curſe* and *Swear* like ſo many

Dragoons.

Dragoons. How often have you Gamed *privately* in your own Houſes? but if others did ſo *publickly*, then Imprisonment was but the beginning of their Puniſhment. If we asked in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner for our Wages and were not content with ſuch a ſmall Part thereof, as you would be pleaſed to give us, (which came like ſo many drops of Blood from your Hearts,) then preſently to ſtop our Mouths, you would threaten to ſend us to Goal, for interrupting you in the *Execution of your Offices*. O ye perjured Caitiffs! Hypocrites! Theſe and a thouſand other Crimes you have been Guilty of. And now great *Lucifer*, the Cauſe of all the Tumult and Uproar, which you have ſeen and heard, had no other Foundation, than our asking in a peaceable Manner for our Arrears of Wages, for which we were threatened to be laid by the Heels.

Having finiſhed his Speech, he ſtept back, and joyned himſelf with his Aſſociates; then *Lucifer* demanding of the *Trading Juſtices*, what they had to ſay for themſelves? They trembled, and pleading *Guilty*, ſubmitted themſelves to the Mercy of the Court.

Hear me, ſays *Lucifer*, I will do that in *Hell*, which you refuſed to do upon *Earth*: *Juſtice* ſhall be adminiſtred *impartially*, and every one puniſhed according to his Demerit, and the Nature of his Crime. Here ſays he, to the Devils, who waited about him, put theſe *Trading Gentlemen* in the ſame Dungeon with *Judas*, and let them take the *Right Hand* of him; for he ſold his Maſter only *once*, but theſe Miſcreants have ſold him a *Thouſand Times*: And becauſe they were ſuch *Money Lovers* while they were in the *other* World, let them have their Bellies full in this; for which End and Purpoſe, I order and decree that one Tun of melted Ore be pour'd down each of their Throats for Breakfaſt every Morning. As for the *Clerks* and *Inſurers*, who were Aiders and Abetters of their Maſters Crimes, let them be confined in a Vault by themſelves

ſelves, there to remain and abide ſuch Sentence as we in our diabo'ical Wiſdom ſhall think proper to paſs upon them.

Lucifer had ſcarce pronounced the Sentence, when the *Buſy body* came up to him and ſaid, look you, Sir, *(Pointing with his Finger)* that limping Devil there, who looks as if he were Hoof-beaten, has been abroad in the World theſe twenty Years, and is but juſt now come back again. Come hither Sirrah, ſays *Lucifer*, you are a fine Rogue to be ſent of an Errant, are you not? What Souls have you brought, or what News from t'other World? Your Highneſs, quoth the Devil, has too much Honour and Juſtice to condemn me unheard. Be pleaſed to remember, that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant: *It coſt me the firſt ten Years of my time to make him a Thief; and ten more to keep him from turning honeſt again.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? A ſenſleſs Puppy! *to come back to me with a Story of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine Miles to ſuck a Bull.* But he's not Maſter of his Trade yet; *the Rogue has been loitering at a* Play-houſe, *when he ſhould have been at* Church. Here ſays he, to one of his Officers, take him away, and put him to School again. The Devil was glad to come off ſo well, and laughed at the *Buſy body*, who was biting his Nails, to find that he was diſappointed.

In that Inſtant many *Men* came running as hard as they could drive, after a Company of *Women*: the *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop*, and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be ſeized, and asked what was the Matter? Alas! Alas! Says one of the *Men*, *theſe damned Jades have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Have a Care what you ſay, (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, out of reſpect to the Ladies) and ſpeak Truth; for 'tis impoſſible you ſhould be *Fathers*, without *Children*. Pardon me, my Lord, ſays the Fellow, it is not ſo very impoſſible as you may imagine. We were *marry'd Men*, and *honeſt Men*, and *good*

Houſe-

Houſekeepers, and born all Offices in the *Pariſh*, though I ſay it, and have *Children*, who call us *Fathers*. But methinks, it is very ſtrange, and very hard; ſome of us have been *abroad ſeven Years together*, others have been *Bed-rid* as long, and ſo impotent that the *Civilians* would have ranked us in the ſame Claſs with the *Frigidi* and *Maleficiati*: And yet our Wives have brought every Year a Child, and we were ſuch Fools to bring them up, and give our ſelves to the Devil at laſt to get them Eſtates, out of a Charitable perſuaſion that they might be our own, though for a Twelve-month together, we never ſo much as examined whether our *Wives* were *Fiſh* or *Fleſh*. But ſince there *Mothers* are *dead* and the *Children grown up*, the Secret is diſcovered, and we have found the Tools, that made them. One has the *Coach-man's Noſe*; another the *Gentlemen Uſhers Legs*; a third has ſuch a *Lord's* Eyes; and a fourth ſuch a *Relations Mouth*. A pox on the *Kindred*, and the Similitudes into the Bargain. Some we are to preſume conceiyed purely by the ſtrength of Imagination, the Devil take their ſtrong Fancy; and others by the *Ears* like *Weazels*; confound their new Faſhions and Methods. So that at this rate, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a Pleaſant time on't, firſt he is ſubject to all the *peeviſh Importunities*, that a *Breeding Woman* gives thoſe about her, till ſhe's *laid*; and then comes the *Squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle Goſſipings* of the *Nurſe* and *Midwife*; who (the Devil do them good with it) muſt be well treated too, well lodged and well paid. A *Sweet Baby* (ſays one to the Whore the Mother of it) *'tis e'en like the Father, as if it had been ſpit out of his Mouth*; it has his Eyes, his Lips, and the very Mouth of him: Though at the ſame time 'tis no more like him, *than an Apple is like an Oyſter*. And when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World, with a Chriſtian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie like a Company of *damn'd Fools and Cuckholds*, and here we are like to lie, for ought

ught I can ſee to the contrary, *in Sæcula Sæculorum*: hich I think is very hard, and in good Truth out of all Reaſon.

I cut this Viſit ſhort, to ſee what News in a *deep Vault*, where we heard a great conteſt between divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Preſumptuous* he *Revengeful*, and the Envious: Gaping and crying ut as if they would break their Hearts. *O that I could e born again!* Says one; *O that I might go back into he World again?* cries a ſecond; *O that I was to die ace more*; ſays a third: Inſomuch that they tired the Devils Patience with their impertinent and unprofitable Wiſhes, *Hang your ſelves*, cry'd they, *for a parcel of awling Raſcals! You live again! You be born again!* And what then! You would only die a thouſand times reater Villains than you are now. However to try you e have Commiſſion to let you live again: *Up then, ye Varlets, go, be born again; get ye into the other World gain. Away, be gone*, cry'd the Devils, with a luſty ſh at every Word; but the Devil a Foot would the oor Rogues ſtir, they hung an Arſe, and ſlunk in- a Corner, where they lay as quiet as Lambs.

There was one who ſeemed to have more Brain and eſolution than the reſt of his Companions, and entered ry gravely upon a Debate, whether he ſhould go or . "If at my ſecond Birth, ſays he, I ſhould come into the World a Baſtard, the Shame would be mine, though my Parents committed the Fault, and I ſhould carry the Scandal of it to my Grave. If my Mother ſhould prove honeſt, for that is not altogether impoſſible, how many Follies, Vices, and Diſeaſes are there that run in a Blood! I might be mad or ſimple; be given to Cheat, Swear and Whore; my Carcaſs might be Mortify'd with the *Stone*, *Scurvy*, *Rheumatiſm*, *Gout*, or the *Noble Pox: ſo that Hang him for my part that would be born again.* When I have paſſed the Lodging, the Diet, the Cookery; which I am to expect for a matter of nine Months in my Mothers

" Belly;

" Belly; the Breeding of Teeth and Worms, with
" the Gripes and Diſorders that are cauſed by a Nurſ
" unwholſome Milk; when I have paſſed kib'd *Hee*
" the *Itch*, a Scald-head, too often got by being pack
" away to School, where I ſhall be perpetually und
" the Laſh if I miſs my Leſſon, or go late, then pe
" haps I afterwards grow up toward *Man*. But oh
" as ſoon as the firſt Appearance of my *Manh od* is d
" covered, the *Women* will have me *as ſure as a Gu*
" for they have a Thouſand Gins and Devices to cat
" *Wood-Cocks:* And if ever I come to ſet Eye upo
" Laſs who underſtands *Dreſs and Raillery, I am go*
" *if there were no more Lads in Chriſtendom.* I mu
" *Powder, Curl*, and play the *Lady-Bird*; *Suffer*
" *the Shoe-maker's Stocks, and* Choak my ſelf in
" *Streight Doublet*, only to have the Ladies ſay, *le*
" *what a delicate Shape and Foot that Gentleman ha*
" At this Rate, I ſay, curſed be he for my pa
" who would live over again ſo wretched
" Life.

" Being now come to write *full Man*, and have
" Eſtate, what Murmuring and regret at my Miſfo
" tunes! If I have any, how many Cares, Suits, a
" Wranglings go along with it! By this time the Si
" of my Youth are got into my Bones; I grow pev
" Sowr, and melancholly; nothing pleaſes me; I cu
" *Old Age* to ten thouſand Devils, and the *Youth* whi
" I can never recover in my *Veins*, I endeavour
" fetch out of the *Barber's, Perfumer's*, and *Milliner*
" *Shops*; to conceal or at leaſt diſguiſe, all the Ma
" and Evidences of Nature in Decay. But what is th
" to the Miſery of an *old Fellow in Love*; eſpecially
" he is put to *Gallant* it againſt a Company of you
" *Gameſters*? oh! The inward Shame and Vexati
" to ſee himſelf ſcarce ſo much as neglected! It m
" happen that a *jolly Lady*, for want of better Ent
" tainment, and being *ſharp ſet*, may content her
" with ſuch a *Fornicator*, inſtead of a *Whet-St*

" Bu

" But, alas! *The poor Man is weak, tho' willing*: And " after a whole Night ſpent in cold and frivolous En- " deavours, Pretences, and Excuſes, away he goes " with Torments of Rage and Confuſion, not to be ex- " preſſed, or endured; and *many a heavy Curſe is ſent* " *after him for keeping a poor Lady from her natural* " *Reſt, to ſo little purpoſe.* How often ſhall I be put " to the Bluſh, when every old *Toaſt*, ſhall call me *old* " *Acquaintance*; oh! *Sir, it's many a fair Day ſince* " *you and I knew one another Firſt: I think* it was in " the four and thirtieth of the Queen, that we were " School-Fellows. How *the World's altered ſince.* " Then muſt my Head be turn'd into a *Memento Mori*; " my Fleſh diſſolved into *Rheums*; my Skin *wither'd* " and *wrinckled*; with a Staff in my Hand, knocking " the Earth at every trembling ſtep, as if I called upon " my Grave to receive me. My Life little more than a " Dream, and perhaps not half ſo pleaſant; my *Reins* " and my *Bladder* turn'd into a perfect *Quarry*; and " the *Urinal* or *Piſs-pot* my whole ſtudy. My next " Heir watching every Hour, for the long wiſh'd for, " and happy Minute of my Departure: And in the mean " time, I am become the *Phyſician's Revenue*, the *Surgeon's* " *Practice*, with an *Apothecary's Shop* in my Guts, and " every *old Jade* calling me *Grand-Sire*: No, no, no more " living for me, I thank you; *one Hell* rather than " *two Mothers.* Let us now conſider the Comforts of Life, " the Humours and the Manners; and ſee if there be " any thing in them that can entice us to be fond of this " World. He that would be rich, muſt play the Thief " or the Cheat, couzen his Neighbour, or plunder his " Country: He that would riſe in the World, and get " Preferment, muſt turn *Flatterer*, *Informer* or *Pre-* " *jector*; or peep in ſome Great Man Arſe, in order to " creep into his Boſom. He that Marries, bids fair " for a pair of *Brow-Antlers*, eſpecially if his Wife be " *handſome*; and he ought to be doubly damn'd who " binds himſelf for life to an *ugly* Woman, except ſhe

" has

" has Money enough to make ſome Attonement for he
" want of Comelineſs. There is no Valour withou
" Swearing, Bullying, or Quarrelling: If you are *poor*
" no body will own you; if *Rich* you will know n
" Body. If you are *Religious*, and frequent the *Churc*
" and the *Sacrament*, you will be called an *Hypocrite*
" without this, you will be reckon'd an *Atheiſt*, or a
" Heretick. If you are Gay and Humourous, you pa
" for a *Buffoon*; and if penſive and reſerved, you ar
" taken to be Sowr and Cenſorious. *Curteſy* is calle
" *Collouging* and *carrying Favour*; *down right H.n*
" and *Plain-dealing* is interpreted to be *Haughtineſs* an
" *ill Manners*; *Liberality* is called *Profuſeneſs*, an
" *Good Hoſpitality*, *Pride* and *Vain-glory*. This is th
" World: And I would not live again, for all tha
" in it. If any of you, my Companions, ſaid he t
" his Fellow-Sufferers, be of another Mind, hold u
" your Hands. No, no, (they cry'd all unanimouſly)
" *no more Generation Work: Better the Devils, tha*
" *the Midwives.*

After this came a *Teſtator*, curſing and raving like
Bedlamite, that he had made his *Laſt Will* and *Teſta*
ment. Ah Villain! ſaid he, *for a Man to Murther him*
ſelf, as I have done! If I had not *ſealed!* I had not *dy*
Of all things next to *Phyſicians*, deliver me from a *Teſta*
ment! it has killed more then the Peſtilence! Le
the *Living* take Warning by the *Dead*, and make n
Teſtament. It was my bad Luck to put my Life into th
Phyſicians power and then by making my Will to ſign th
Sentence of my *Death*, and *my own Execution. Put you*
Soul and Eſtate in order, ſays the Doctor, *for there's n*
hope of Life A Pox take him for his Counſel; and th
Word was no ſooner out of his Mouth, but I was ſuch
Fool, forſooth, to fall immediately upon the Prologue o
my *Will: In nomine Domini. Amen.* &c. And when I
came to diſpoſe of my *Goods* and *Chattels* I pronounced
theſe Bloody Words; (I wiſh I had been Tongue-tied
when I did it.) *Item* I make and conſtitute my Son m

Sole

Sole *Executor.* Among the former *Items,* I gave and bequeath'd to my Wife all my *Plays, Romances,* and all the Furniture in the Rooms upon the Second Story: To my Servants five Pounds a piece, to my Doctor (the Devil do him good with it) my Diamond Ring. I had ſcarce *ſign'd* and *ſealed,* but *methought the Earth opened ready to devour me, for the Folly I had committed.* At every Groan I gave they were calling for their *Legacies*; and if I wanted any thing, my Son was taking Poſſeſſion of my Eſtate, my Wife was buſie about the Furniture I had gave her, my Servants were demanding their five Pounds, and the Doctor viewing the Diamond Ring, and Examining whether it was a Brilliant, and of the firſt Water: So that I could not have any Attendance, but might dye and be damn'd for any of them.

But if I were to be in the World again, I would make an other kind of *Teſtament.* I would ſay, " a " Curſe upon him who ſhall inherit my Eſtate, when I " am dead, and may the firſt bit of Bread he eat on't, " choak him. The Devil in Hell take what I can not " carry away, and him too that Struggles for it, if he " can catch him. Let my Wife dye of the Pip, or the " Mother, *not a half penny Matter which*) but let her " firſt live long enough to plague the damn'd Doctor, " and Indict him for poyſoning her poor Husband. To ſpeak ſincerely, I never loved that *Dog-leach:* Was it not enough to make me *ſick,* when I was *well,* without making me *dead,* when I was ſick? But to ſay the Truth this is only Neighbours Fare, for all thoſe that truſt to them, are ſerved the ſame Sauce. A *Vomit,* or a *Purge* is as good a Paſs-port into the other World, as a Man could wiſh. The *Phyſician* is only *Death* in a *Diſguiſe,* and brings his Patients *Hour* along with him. Any reaſonable Man would think that it were enough for a *Phyſician* to take away a Man's Life, and like a *common Hangman* to be paid for't, when he has done; but this will not content him he muſt blaſt the Honour of him, he has diſpatch'd, to excuſe his own *Ignorance.*

Let

Let the Living take my Advice; let them write their *Teſtaments* after the *Copy*, I have now *ſet*, and they ſhall live long and happy, and not go out of the World at laſt, *like a Rat with a Straw in his Arſe*; (as a learned Author has it) or be cut off in the Flower of their Age by theſe *Counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty of the* Cloſe-ſtool.

The Dead Man ſpoke with ſo much Gravity and Earneſtneſs, that *Lucifer* begun to give Credit to what he ſaid: But becauſe *all Truths are not to be ſpoken*, eſpecially among the Devils; and for fear of Miſchief if the Doctors ſhould hear what had been ſaid, *Lucifer* ordered the Fellow to be gagg'd, and find Security for his good Behaviour.

No ſooner was his Mouth ſtopt, but one of the damn'd came running croſs the Company, and cry'd out, I am abuſed, I am chouſed, here are Damning Devils, Tempting Devils and Tormenting Devils, but the Devil a Devil can I find of the Devils that brought me hither. Where are my Devils; give me my Devils again. It might well make the Company ſtare to ſee a Fellow hunting for Devils in Hell, where they ſwarm in Legions: But as he was in his Hurry, a Governante, gave him a Half-turn, and ſtop'd him. Old Lucky-Bird, ſays ſhe, if you want Devils here, where do you expect to find them? Art thou here, old Belzebub in a Petticoat? (ſaid he) the Coupler of Male and Female, the Buckler and Thong of Letchery, the Multiplier of Sin, the Interpreteſs between Whores and Knaves, the Preface to the Remedy of Love; and the Prologue to the Critical Minute. Tell me, where are the Devils that brought me hither? Where are the Mothers that play the Bawds to their own Daughters? And the Aunts that do as much for their Neices? Where are Story-Mongers, who Report more than they hear, Affirm more than they know, and Swear more than they believe? Where are the Hypocrites, who turn Devotion into Intereſt, and make a Revenue of a Commandment? Who pretend Exſtacy, when they are Drunk and utter the Fumes. And Dreams of their Luxury

an

d Tipple for Revelations? Who make Chapels of eir Parlours, who can divine all that is told them, and ve an honeſt Man to the Devil with *Deo gratias*? heſe are they that have damned me; find them out r me, you impudent Hag, or I'll ſearch your French-ood for them. At that Word he fell upon the poor overnante; tore off her Head-Geer, and there would ve been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not uſed his bſolute Authority.

Upon the compoſing of this Fray, there came a umber of People, calling out to every one they ſaw, ay Gentleman direct us to the Court of Rewards. I as afraid ſays one of the Company) that I had been in ell, but ſince you talk of Rewards, I hope 'tis but *rgatory*. Purgatory! ſays the Buſy-Body, you have t that up the Hill there upon your Right Hand. This Hell, and a Place of Puniſhment; here is no Regi-ry of Rewards. Then we are miſtaken (ſays he that oke firſt) How ſo? cry'd the Buſy-Body. You all hear, ſaid the other. In the other World we were the Order of the Squires of the Pad, and collected oney now and then upon the King's High-way, which e uſed to ſpend in Bawdy-Houſes, and Gaming Ordi-aries. Our Conſcientious and Charitable Friends uſed give us good Advices; but when they ſaw that it fig-fyed nothing, and that they might as well have ſaved eir Breath to cool their Porridge, they would tell us, the other World we ſhould meet with our Rewards. ow taking this to be the other World, we are enquir-g after the Rewards, they promiſed us. Abominable oundrels, ſay an Officer of Juſtice, you have ſquander-away your Fortunes upon Whores and Dice, expo-g not only your Wives and Children, but many a oble Family to irreparable Ruin: And if any Man ve you a Word of wholeſome Advice, your anſwer as, our Wives and Children are in the Hands of Pro-dence, and let him provide for the Rooks that feeds e Ravens. Then it was told you, you ſhall find your Rewards

Rewards in the other World; and the time is now come. Up, up, ye curſed Spirits. and away with them. At which, Word, a Legion of Devils fell upon the poor miſerable Caitiffs, with Whips and Fire-brands, and gave them their long expected Reward.

Juſt as this Storm blew over, there appear'd a Multitude of Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Catchpoles, and other Officers of Prey, with the Thiefs Devil, bound Hand and Foot, and a foul Accuſation againſt him, that inſtead of Damning Men, he made it his Buſineſs to ſave them. The Word Save put the Court in ſuch a Rage that the Fire ſparkled at the Eyes. Lucifer's Attorney charged the Priſoner with not ſticking cloſe to thoſe whom he had drawn into Thefts and Robberies; for many times the Ordinary takes them to ſhrift before Execution, and the Toy take ſome of them in the Head to Confeſs and Repent, and ſo they are ſaved. By which means, ſays he, turning to Lucifer) your Highneſs has loſt many a fair Purchaſe. Now this ſimple was not aware that many Souls go to Heaven from the Gallows, and therefore he ought to have ſtuck cloſe to them in Priſon, and have tempted them to Deſpair and make away with themſelves: But when they are led to the Prieſt, he brings them to a ſight of their Sins and ſo they Eſcape. My Lord, ſaid the poor Devil, I beſeech you to hear me; for though 'tis ſaid that the Devil is deaf, yet it cannot be meant of your Highneſs. So there was a general Silence, and thus he proceeded.

I cannot deny (my Lord) but that *Tyburn* is the way to Paradiſe, and that many Men go to Heaven from the Gallows, as Mr. Attorney has very Judiciouſly obſerved. But if you will ſet thoſe that are damned for condemning others againſt thoſe who are ſaved from the Gallows, Hell will be no loſer by me at the Foot of the Accompt. How many Marſhal's Men, Keepers and Turn-Keys, have I ſent you, for letting their Pri-

ſon-

ſoners give them the Slip, when they had Money enough to *bribe* them? How many *falſe Witneſſes* and *Knights of the Poſt*, who would ſet their Conſciences like Clocks to go faſter or ſlower, according as they had more Weight, and ſwear *Extempore*, at all *Rates* and *Prices?* How many *Attorneys*, *Solicitors*, *Clerks*, *Exciſemen* and *Informers?* Now after all this, what does it ſignify if *one Thief of a Thouſand comes to the Gallows?* He only ſuffers becauſe he is poor, that there may be better trading for the Rich, and without any deſign to ſuppreſs Stealing. *Suppoſe one poor Fellow Hangs, and goes to Heaven, I do but give him in truck for two hundred at leaſt, that deſerve to be hanged, but eſcape, and go to Hell at laſt.* But let me do what I will, my Services are not underſtood, perhaps my Succeſſor will diſcharge his Duty better; and indeed I am content to lay down my Commiſſion for I am in Years, and would gladly get a little Reſt in my old Age, which I rather propoſe to my ſelf in the Service of ſome *Pretender*, than where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the End, not only acquitted him, but ordered him a Copy of his Indictment, and ſtrictly charged the *evil Spirit* not to abuſe him, upon pain of *Corporal* as well as *Spiritual* Puniſhment. He was alſo deſired not to lay down his Commiſſion, for he was able enough to do good Service yet; nor to think of going to a *Pretender*, for 'twas a Duty he would never be able to endure. Well, ſaid he, I ſubmit my ſelf to your Highneſs; but I thought that a Devil might have lived comfortably in that Condition: For, put the caſe, it ſhould be ſome *Pretender* to a *good Office*, or a *fat Biſhoprick* (though the *Fathers* and *Councils* are againſt *Pretenders* in *this caſe*) it is as good as going to School; for *theſe People teach the Devils* their A B C, and all that we have to do is to *ſit ſtill* and *learn*.

The next Viſion was the Devil of *Subornation*, who was a good complexion'd and a well-ſhaped Devil; and I had never ſeen any Devil till now, but what were extream Ugly. The Air of his Face was ſo familiar

to me, that I thought I had ſeen him in a Thouſan
Places. I could never learn his Right Name: Some
times he would call himſelf *Payment*, *Reſtitution*, an
ſometimes *Alms*; in ſome Places he was called *Inheri
tance*, *Profit*, *Patrimony*, Gratitude; with the *Lawyers*
Solicitors, and *Attorneys*, he paſſed under the Name of *Righ*
and the Confeſſor call'd him *Charity*. He ſtiled himſel
Satan's Lieutenant, but there was a Devil of Conſequenc
who oppoſed him *Tooth* and *Nail*, declaring "That
"he himſelf was the great Embroiler, and Politic
"Entanglers of Affairs; the Deluder of Princes, an
"the Excuſe of Tyrants. That he could give wha
"Colour he pleaſed to the fouleſt Actions; overtur
"the World, and put all in a general Confuſion; fo
he had it in his Power to baniſh Order and Reaſon out
it. He ſaid further, that he could turn Saucineſs an
Importunity into Merit; *give* Authority to Infamy, an
Credit to Inſolence: That he could make *Scotchme*
forſake their *Naſtineſs*, *Iriſhmen* their *Impudenc*
Welſhmen their *fiery Paſſion*, and turn the Hearts
Presbyterians from *Republicaniſm* to *Monarchy*. As ſo
this Devil of *Subornation*, who talks of his *Lieutenanc*
what in the Name of *Lucifer* could he have done if
had not ſtood by him hard and faſt? He is ſuch
Scoundrel, ſuch a Raſcal, ſo notorious, that no Perſo
of Quality, of what Rank or Degree ſoever, would a
mit him into his Company, until I took him under m
Hands, and furniſhed him with Vizors and Diſguiſ
Therefore let him hold his Tongue; and diſpute
more about the *Lieutenancy* of Hell, for I ha
Lucifer's Broad-Seal to ſhew for my Title to it.

For my part, ſaid another infernal Spirit, I am o
of thoſe meek and low-minded Devils, that I can ho
a Candle, upon Occaſion, or knock under, or play
ſmall Games rather than ſtand out. *But few Words*
the Wiſe are enough. I am by my Profeſſion the Dev
Interpreter; and my Buſineſs is to gloſs upon the Te
in which I am ſuch an Excellent Artiſt, that I out-do
the *Dutch* Commentators. The *Cuckholds* are exceedi

beholden to me, for I say much in the Praise and Honour of the *Horn*. *How should a poor indigent, good-natur'd Fellow who has a handsome Wife, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality?* Besides, I have a pretty Faculty in doing good Offices for distress'd Ladies, at a time of Need; and am such a persuasive *Goer-between*, that I make the whole Sex sensible; how great a Folly and Madness it is to neglect those sweet Opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out the way to Establish an Office for Thievery; where the Officers themselves shall be the greatest Thieves, plunder their Country, and justify it when they have done.

After a short Silence, another Devil appeared, of about a Foot and half long. I am, says he, a Devil of a small Size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell, and yet I know my Business so well, that I never come empty-handed. Why, "what have you brought? *says the* Busy body. I have brought, *says he*, an out-landish Lady of a Monstrous Size, but accounted as skilful a *Bona Roba*, as any in the upper World. I have brought also a *French Valet de Chambre*, and a *German Countess*: They are three Pieces, that were in high Esteem in the Cabinets of three great Princes, and I have brought them for a Present to *Lucifer*. Have you so? Says *Lucifer*, casting an Eye upon them, and with a damned Countenance as sowr as Verjuyce, said, you do well to tell me you had them at Court, and you may e'en carry them back again for, *I had as live have their Room as their Company*.

After him came another dwarf Devil, who said he had been six Years about such an infamous Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him: For the bad as well as the better sort were Scandalized at his Conversation. *A mighty* piece of Business, truly cry'd the *Governante*, could you not have made him an *Excise-man*, an *Informer*, a *Bayliff*, a *Proctor*, or have gotten him a Place in the *Exchequer*? Then you might have made him good for something.

In the mean time the *Busy-body* went whispering up an down, till he came to a large bundle of sleeping Devils, a faggoted up, mouldy and full of Cobwebs. He immedi ately cut their Band to give them Air, and with much ad waked them; he asked them, *what they did there?* Wha *Devils they were?* And, *why they were not upon Duty?* The said that they were the Devils of *Luxury*; but since the W men have taken a fancy to prefer *Guineas* and *Jacobus's* befo their Modesty and Honour, there has been no need of a D vil in the case to tempt them. *Gold supplies all Imperfection* it makes an Angel of an ugly old Devil incarnate; it tur a Fool into a Philosopher: it makes the Ignorant pass f Wisemen, and converts a Lackey into a Lord. A Purs *well-lined*, is worth twenty thousand Devils.

No sooner had he made an end of Speaking, than we hea ed another who was Snorting, and being asked, who he wa answered, that he was the *Nuns* Devil; and for want Employment, had been there asleep. My Mistresses, says h are now chusing an *Abbess*, and when they are at that Wor I always make Holy-day: For they are all Devils themselv then. There is such *Canvassing*, *Flattering*, *Importuni Cajoling*, *Bribing*, and *making Parties*, as if they were chusi a *Knight for the Shire*: And to tell the Truth, a Devil amon them would do more hurt than good. Nay the *Ambitious* ma it a point of Honour, upon such an Occasion to out-wit t Devil. *If ever Hell should be in danger of a Peace, it is m humble Advice, that a Convention of Nuns be presently cal in, to the Election of an Abbess:* And this would infallib reduce it to its antient State of Mutiny, Sedition and C fusion.

Lucifer approved the Counsel, and ordered it to be ente ed upon Record, as a certain Expedient to suppress an Disorders that might happen. After which, he order Summons's to all his Company and *Liver-Men* who appea ing in Multitudes, *Lucifer* with a hideous Yell, spoke mo graciously as follows.

The Decree of *LUCIFER*.

LUCIFER, Prince of Darkness and profound Heavine Emperor of the high Mysteries of *Acheront*, Captain the Dungeon, King of Hell, and Controuller of the Infern Fire: TO our *Trusty* and *despairing Legions*, and *well-bla ed Subjects* and Companions of our Kingdom, the Chi dr of *Pride*, *Ambition*, *Usury*, *Covetousness*, *Adultry*, *For cation*, *Lying*, *Swearing*, *Cheating*, &c. now under the Co damnation of *perpetual Darkness*, who lived Pensioners fit, and had Death for their Pay-master, *Greeting*.

T

This is to let ye understand, that there are *two Devils* of Excellent Qualifications, who pretend a Claim to the Honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refused to gratify either the one or the other in that Point, out of singular Respect and Affection to our *right Trusty* and *well-beloved Cousin*; a certain *she Devil* and a *Dutchess* who deserves to have it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly began to stare upon one another; to whisper, and mutter; a *she Devil*, says one! ay, and a *Dutchess* too, says another! Who can it be, says a Third? *Lucifer* observing them, bad them not to trouble their Heads about the Matter, in guessing who it might be but ordered *good Fortune* to be brought to him, otherwise signify'd by the Name and Title of the Dutchess Prosperity; who, with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up, and placed herself before the degraded Seraphim, who looking wishfully in her Face, proceeded in the Tone he first began.

It is our Will and Pleasure, and we hereby strictly command and require, that next to our self, and immediately under our proper Person, you pay all Honour and Respects to her Grace, the Dutchess Prosperity, and obey her, as the most Mighty and Supreme Governess of these our Dominions. Which Titles and Qualities, know ye, that we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her Merit; For, she has damn'd more Souls, than all you put together. She it is, who makes Men cast off all Fear of God, and Love of their Neighbour. She it is, who makes Men place their Sovereign Good in Riches; who Engages and Entangles Men's Minds in Vanity; strikes them Blind in their Pleasures, loads them with Treasure, and Buries them in Sin. Where is the Tragedy, in which she has not play'd her part. Where is the *Stability* and *Wisdom*, which she has not *Staggered*? Where is the *Folly*, which she has not *improved* and *encreased*? She takes no *Council*, and fears no *Punishment*. She it is, who furnishes *Matter* for *Scandal*; who augments the *Cruelty* of Tyrants, and bathes Executioners in *innocent Blood*. How many Souls who lived righteous Lives, while they were in a low and groveling State, fell into Impiety and Reprobation, as soon as ever they drank the Enchanted Cup of Prosperity! Be ye therefore *obedient to her*, we strictly charge ye all, as to our self: And know, that they, who can stand their Ground against Prosperity, are not for your Purpose: Let them alone, for your Time and Labour will be lost in Tempting them. Take Example from that *Foolish* and *Impertinent Devil*, who got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, beggar'd him, and covered

ver'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*, like a Block-hea as he was: Whereas if he had known his Buſineſs he ſhou have begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him, a to have poſſeſſed him with *Health* and Pleaſure. That is t Trial, that is the alluring Bait! And how many are there, w when they thrive in the World, turn their Backs upon *Heav* and never mention the Name of their *Creator*, but in *Oath* and then too without thinking on him. All their Diſcou runs upon *Maſquerades*, *Balls*, *Aſſemblies*, *Operas*, *Plays*, *Banquet Purchaſes*, and the like, whereas the *Poor Man* has GOD perp tually in his *Mouth* and *Heart*. LORD, ſays he, be mind of me, have Mercy upon me, for all my Truſt is in thee alon Wherefore, ſays *Lucifer*, our *Will* and *Command* is, that be publiſhed throughout all our Dominions, that *Calamit Troubles*, *Perſecutions*, and Poverty, are our *mortal Enemi* for we have found them ſo to be upon *Experience*. They a the *Diſpenſation* of *Providence*, the *Bleſſings* of the *Almigh* to fit and prepare Sinners for himſelf, and they, who ma fully ſuffer them, are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item, For the better Adminiſtration of our Governmen *our Will and Pleaſure* is, and *we do ſtrictly charge and co mand* that conſtant Attendance be given in all *Courts of J dicature*, and our Devils are hereby diſcharged to m fu[r]ther eaſe of *Pettifoggers*, *Informers*, *Sollicitors*, *Exciſem Barretors*, *Proctors*, and ſuch like Perſons, for they are well acquainted with *Hell-road*, that they will guide o another, without the help of a Devil to conduct them.

Item, We do *Ordain*, as a Matter of great Importance the Conſervation of our Empire, that in what part ſoev of our Dominions, the *Devil of Money* ſhall appe all other Devils do cheerfully ſhall riſe in token of their ſu miſſion to, and Acknowledgment of his Power and Auth

Item, We do expect the Charge and Command all our O fices, as well civil as Military, to encourage their reſp[e]c[t]ive Induſtry, Diligence and Induſtry, for eſtabliſhing a General P throughout the World; for that is the time for all men of *Wickedneſs* to thrive, and all ſorts of Vice to proſper flouriſh; as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleneſs*, *Lewdneſs*, *Playing Gam Drunkenneſs*, *Cheating*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Theft*, *Robber Backbiting*, and *Sodomitical* Practices: Sin is then upon t encreaſe, and Goodneſs in the Ware. But in a State War, Men's Minds are employed upon *Valour* and *Vir* calling on Heaven in the Morning for fear of being knoc on the Head in the Afternoon: And we know too w that Honeſt Men and Actions are rewarded. Therefo to forward, and bring to Perfection a General Peace,

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command that as *Ignatius Lyola* was the Founder of the *Jesuits*, he immediately sends an Express to the General of that Order, to write Circular Letters to all that are under him, commanding them (upon pain of our heavy Displeasure) that as they know the Secrets of Princes, and can prevail upon them to do what they please, to influence them to promote, come into, and establish such a necessary Work.

Item, We do ordain that now Devil presume for the Future to entertain any Confident, to tempt Mankind, but Profit: For that is the *Harbinger*, that provides the most convenient Quarters for *Vice*, even the most strait-laced Consciences.

Item. We do Will and Command that all our Devils of what Rank Degree, or Quality soever, do from this Day forward keep a strict Amity Friendship, and Correspondence with our "Trusty and well-beloved, the Usurers, "Pawn-brokers, Discounters of Notes and Bills, the Revengful and all Pretenders to great Places and Dignities, "and above all others with the Hypocrite, whether Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptists, Muggletonians, Quakers, or French Prophets; who are for the most part *Impostors* in Nature, and so excellently skilled in their Trade they steal away Peoples *Hearts* and Soul's, at the Eyes and Ears insensibly and draw to themselves *Adoration* and *Reward*.

Item, We do from this time forward, discharge all our Officers and Agents of what kind or nature soever, from giving themselves any further Trouble of tempting Men and Women to Sins of *Incontinence*; for we find by Experience, that Adultery and *Fornication* will never be left, 'till the *seven Stars* come to *Fourteen*. And though they may have their *Intervals* of *Repentance*, and some faint Intentions of giving it over; yet the Humour returns with the next tide of Blood, and *Concupiscence* is as loyal a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions. And we do also by these Presents discharge all our said Officers and Agents from the Unnecessary Trouble and needless Temptation of the *Life Guard* of *Antichrist*; whether they *are Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Monks, Priests, Friars, Jesuits, Doctors*, or *Deacons*.

Item, In Consideration of the Exemption aforesaid, by means whereof several *poor Devils* will be left without Employment; and for as much as there are many *Tradesmen* and others in *London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam*, and elsewhere, who are very charitably disposed to relieve People in Distress, especially young *Heirs*, and *Spend-thrifts*, who come to borrow Money of them. But times being dead and little Money stirring all they can do, is to furnish them

with what their Shops or Warehouſes will afford: and if one or two hundred Pounds in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their Service. This they take at extravagant Prices, to ſell again immediately, for ready *Rino* is what they want; and the Merchant or Tradeſmen has his Agent to take it off Under-hand, at a *Third part of the Value.* Now out of a ſingular Regard and Value which we have for the ſaid *Merchants* and *Tradeſmen*, and for their better Encouragement, we Will and Require that a *Legion* of our ſaid *Devils* ſhall from time to time aid and aſſiſt the ſaid *Merchants* and *Tradeſmen* in the Quality of *Factors*; to be relieved monthly by a freſh Legion, or oftener, as Occaſion ſhall require.

Item, We do farther order and ordain that all care poſſible be taken for maintaining and ſupporting, *Blabs*, *Informers*, *Incendiaries*, *Barreters*, *Paraſites*, and *Apparitors*, in all Courts and Palaces, for thence comes our Harveſt.

Item, That all Inſtruments of Divorces and Quarrels, be no longer called *Fans*, but *Bellows*; in regard they inflame, without giving any Allay or Refreſhment.

Item. That Buſy-bodies, be from hence forward call'd, reputed, and taken to be the Devil's Body-Lice: For almuch as they fetch Blood of thoſe, who feed and nouriſh them.

Here *Lucifer* pauſed a while, to fetch Breath, then caſting a ſowre Look, and Spying a Governante; ſaid, I am in no trouble to how diſpoſe of theſe *confounded Carrions.* Upwhich, the Devils cry'd out, oh! *Lucifer! Lucifer*: let it never be ſaid that it rain'd *Duegna's* or *Governantes* in your Dominions: Stow them any where, ſo that they come not near us. *Lucifer* obſerving how the dread and Apprehenſion of the old Women contented himſelf to let it paſs in *Terrorem*; but ſwore by the Honour of his *Imperial Crown*, and as he hoped to be ſaved, that whatever *Devil*, *Devils Dam*, *Devils Spawn*, or Reprobate, ſhould for the future be found negligent in his Duty, or in the leaſt Degree tranſgreſſing theſe our Laws and Ordinances; ſuch ſaid *Devil*, *Devils Dam*, *Devils Spawn*, and Reprobate ſo offending and tranſgreſſing, ſhall be delivered up to the Torture of the *Governante*, and ty'd *Muzzle to Muzzle* there to remain in *Secula Seculorum* or any Law Cuſtom, Statute, or Uſuage to the contrary thereof in any wiſe notwithſtanding. But in the mean time ſaid he, caſt them into that dry Ditch, there to main for uſe upon Occaſion.

Immediately upon pronouncing this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retired to his Cell, the Company diſperſed, and the Weather clear'd up: when a Voice was heard, as out of the Clouds, ſaying, he that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Diſcourſe, ſhall never repent reading of it. *FINIS.*

THE
Marriage of BELPHEGOR:
AN
Italian NOVEL,
Tranſlated from *MACHIAVEL*.

BEING led by Curioſity to look into Chronicles of *Florence*, I there found it recorded, that a *Monk*, whoſe exemplary Piety had rendered him the Admiration of the Age, falling one Day into a Trance, had the following ſtrange Apparition: And ſure no Man, but an Heretick, will diſcredit a *Monkiſh* Story.

It ſeem'd to this holy Father, that the Souls of married Men, which came daily in Troops to Hell, cried out all of them as they march'd along, that their *Marriage* was the Cauſe of their *Miſery*, and their *Wives* the *Occaſion* of their coming thither. *Æacus*, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and the whole Privy-Council of Hell, being continually alarmed at the Clamours, would not at firſt believe, there was any Truth in the Matter; but obſerving the like Complaints to be repeated daily, they thought it their Duty to acquaint his *Infernal Majeſty* with it: Accordingly a Report was made to *Pluto*, who thereupon, without communicating the Matter to his Queen, *Proſerpine*, (who had taken Phyſick, and kept her Chamber) reſolved that the whole Affair ſhould be accurately examined, and ſuch Steps taken, as were moſt likely to diſcover the Truth. In purſuance of this Reſolution

lation, he iſſued out his Writs, ſummoning his Princes, Dukes, Earls, &c. who appeared at the Hour appointed. Never was Senate ſo full, nor any Affair of that Importance before it: And the *holy Father*, who beheld all that paſſed, affirmed, that King *Pluto* made a Speech in theſe very Words.

Right Truſty and well-beloved Couſins and Counſellors, *THough our Kingdom was aſſigned us from Heaven, and the fatal Decree has anciently determined our Dominion; though that Sentence cannot be revoked, and is above the Cognizance of humane Power; yet ſeeing his Prudence is moſt ſafe, which has its Source from good and wholeſome Laws, and his Judgment moſt ſolid, that is fortified with others,* We *are reſolved to take your Counſels along with us, what courſe we are to ſteer in an Affair, which without Prevention, may, in time prove greatly diſhonourable to our Adminiſtration, and diſturb the Peace and Tranquillity of our Dominions. The Souls of married Men; which are continually flocking into* Our *Kingdoms do unanimouſly exclaim againſt their Wives, as the only Perſons who ſend them hither; but this to* Us *ſeems impoſſibly: Yet foraſmuch as a peremptory and determinate Sentence upon their bare Allegations would not Square with our Satanical Mercy; ſo a careleſs Pretermiſſion, on the other Hand, could not be without a Reflection upon our Juſtice. That Matters of ſuch great Importance may therefore have their due Diſquiſition, and* Our *Adminiſtration be defended from Obliquy and Scandal; that no Inconveniency might follow for want of Deliberation, and that ſome better Expedient may be found out, than* Ourſelves *have yet thought on;* We *have called you together being confident and aſſured by the Aſſiſtance of your Counſels, that the Honour and Reputation of our Empire will be continued as unqueſtionable for the future, as it has been preſerved hitherto, by* Our own *Care and Prudence.*

Every one that were preſent, acknowledged that it was a Buſineſs of the higheſt Importance, and well wor-

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thy the moſt mature Conſideration: And it was the Opinion of the whole Board, that all the means imaginable were to be uſed to find out the Truth, but they could not readily agree upon what theſe Means ſhould be. Some were of Opinion, that one ſingle Perſon ſhould be diſpatched into the World; others judged that it was better to ſend ſeveral, alledging that the Diſcovery would be more certain from the Experience of many, than from the Diligence of one; a third ſort, more brisk and ſevere in their Counſels, were ſo far from approving their Opinions, that thinking ſuch a Clutter unneceſſary, gave it as their Opinion, that to order a good Number of the Souls of married Men to be put to the Rack, would certainly extort a Confeſſion. This occaſioned ſeveral Debates, but it was at laſt carried by a great Majority, that a ſingle Perſon only ſhould be ſent: But no one could be found, who would voluntarily undertake the Employment; whereupon a Motion was made that they ſhould chuſe one by *Ballotting* and to this they all agreed, and upon caſting up the Numbers, the choice fell upon *Belphegor*.

One may ſay with abundance of Juſtice and Truth, that Fortune never decided any thing more juſtly; for *Belphegor* was no ordinary Devil: *Pluto* had made him *Generaliſſimo* of his Armies, and he always fought his Battle with Succeſs, and therefore it might with good Reaſon be preſumed, that he was not a Novice. However he did not greatly approve the Embaſſy, and would willingly have been quit of it; he made ſeveral Excuſes, and as an Argument of his Incapacity, alledged his Infirmity, occaſioned by the Wounds he had received in his Majeſty's Service. But all this availed him nothing, the Order was unalterable, he was forced to ſubmit upon the following Conditions, to which the Aſſembly agreed, *Nemine contradicente*. IMPRIMIS, "that one hundred thouſand Ducats ſhould be paid "him immediately, to defray the Expences of his Jour-"ney.——That he ſhould aſſume the ſhape of a Man. "—That he ſhould take a Woman to his wedded Wife,

and

" and live with her (if poſſible) ten Years. ——. That at " the end of the Term, (pretending to die) he ſhould " give her the Slip, repair immediately to his old " Quarters, and make Affidavit upon his own Experi- " ence, of all the Pleaſures and Calamities of *Matrimony*.

The following Article among many others, was incerted in his private Inſtructions: That during his Metamorphoſis upon Earth, he was to be ſubject to all the Paſſions and Miſeries of Humanity; as Sickneſs Impriſonment, Poverty, and the like: But if by his Cunning or Dexterity, he could diſentangle or ſet himſelf free, it ſhould be granted to him, and not imputed as any Scandal or Reproach.

Belphegor deſired that he might have a peremptory order upon *Pluto's* Exchequer for the prompt Payment of the one hundred thouſand Ducats, without any Deductions for Poundage, Fees, or otherwiſe; and an Order was drawn up accordingly and ſigned by the Lord High Treaſurer, to the no ſmall Mortification of the Clerks and other Officers of the Office, who expected to have had a conſiderable Snack in ſo large a Sum. *Belphegor* having received his Ducats, made a Detachment of Horſe out of his own Regiment of Guards, and having furniſhed himſelf with Pages and Footmen and all his Equipage being ready, he takes leave of the Court, ſets out immediately for the upper World, and arrived at *Florence*, which Place he choſe above any other, for the Conveniency of improving his Money, and the Opportunity he knew he ſhould have of putting out to Intereſt with greateſt Advantage. He called himſelf *Don Roderick of Caſtile*, took a very noble Houſe in the *Fauxburg* of *All-Saints*, and that his Quality might not be diſcovered, he gave out that he was a *Spaniard*; he ſaid moreover, that being young, he took a Voyage into *Syria*, where he had acquired, by Care and Induſtry moſt part of his Eſtate; but growing weary of that Place, he came into *Italy*, as a Country moſt agreeable to him with Intention (if a fair Opportunity ſhould offer) to marry. *Don Roderick* ſeem'd to be a very handſome Man, about thirty Years of Age, eaſy in his Deportment, affable in Con-

Converſation, and liberal of his Purſe, but not profuſe; of all which he gave Demonſtration, ſoon after his Arrival and made it evidently appear that he was a Gentleman of great Wealth. Several of the Gentry of *Florence*, who had more Daughters than Money, took all the Pains imaginable to inſinuate how welcome he ſhould be into their Alliance; but though he had Choice of Miſtreſſes, ſome with large, others with middling Fortunes, yet he preferred one who was tranſcendently handſome, but had not one Penny to her Portion, for he valued Beauty more than Money. She was called *Honeſta*, the Daughter of *Americ Donati*, who had three more alſo who wanted rich Husbands, and three Sons, between Twenty or twenty five Years of Age, who likewiſe wanted rich Wives. But though *Seignior Americ* was deſcended from one of the moſt noble and moſt antient Families in *Florence*, yet as he had made a Halt three or four times, he was lookt upon to be little better than a *Bankrupt*; beſides he was overladen with Children, and the unavoidable Charges and Expences in ſupporting his Nobility were very large. But all this created no Uneaſineſs in *Don Roderick*, for he defrayed the whole Expence of the Wedding out of his own Purſe, managing all things with that Splendour and Magnificence, that there was not any thing omitted, that could be deſired or expected upon ſuch an Occaſion.

It was mentioned before, that *Belphegor*, (now *Don Roderick*) purſuant to one of the Articles in his private Inſtructions, was to be Subject to all the Paſſions of Humanity, as ſoon as he was out of the Infernal Dominions; he began accordingly to be greatly affected, and delighted with the Humours and Gallantry of the World; and as cunning a Devil as he was, to be wheedled by the Flatteries and Applauſes of Men. But that, in which he took ſuch great Delight, coſt him very dear; and to increaſe his Misfortune, he had not been long with *Honeſta* but he fell ſtark mad in Love with her, and diſcovering every Day ſome New and Extraordinary Charms, he was ſo far enamour'd, that it proceeded almoſt

almoſt to Dotage, and he never thought himſelf happy before: And this had ſuch an effect upon him, that when ſhe was Melancholly, or out of Humour, he would curſe his Commiſſion, and take his Corporal Oath that his very Life was a Burthen to him. *Honeſta* ſoon diſcovered his blind ſide, and reſolved to rule the Roaſt; for when ſhe once found the Fondneſs and Paſſion he had for her, believing ſhe could turn him with a Thread, which way ſhe would, and order him as ſhe pleaſed; ſhe carried herſelf like his Sovereign, and handled him without Pity and Reſpect, and bringing him nothing but Beauty and Nobility inſtead of a Portion, ſhe thought fit not to leave her *Pride* and Untractableneſs behind her. Theſe two precious Qualities were ſo eminently conſpicuous in her, that *Roderick*, who had been uſed to *Lucifer's*, and had often had Experience of them, ſwore point blank, that his Wife was an *Over-match* for his *Infernal Majeſty*; and that her Inſolence exceeded all he had ever ſeen in Hell: and if at any time it happened that he denied her any thing, ſhe would quickly make him ſenſible that ſhe underſtood *Billingſgate* Rhethorick, as well as any others of her Quality, and would ring ſuch a Peal in his Ears, that he was often forced to purchaſe Peace by his Complyance, leſt he ſhould be made deaf by her continual Noiſe, and ſo loſe one of his Senſes. By this, it is no hard matter to judge what Plagues and Anxieties, poor *Roderick* underwent: Nevertheleſs the Conſideration of his Father-in-Law, his Wife's Brothers, and the Kindred he got by that bleſs'd Marriage; I ſay, conſidering they were *Italians*, and conſequently revengeful and Blood-thirſty in the moſt cowardly Manner; and if we add to theſe the Tenderneſs he had for *Honeſta*, they obliged him, as he had no Remedy, to bear his Afflictions patiently.

I ſhall not mention the Expence of his and her Cloaths, which, though ever ſo rich, he was forced to change every Week; for ſuch was the Ordinary Vanity of the Ladies of *Florence*. Beſides theſe, there were other

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Draw-backs upon him, of no leſs Diminution of his Stock, to which he was compelled to ſubmit, in order to prevent his Wife's Tongue from *Galloping*; he was obliged to aſſiſt his Father-in-Law, in giving Portions with his Daughters, which coſt him a good round Sum. But this was not all; for to purchaſe a good look from *Honeſta*, he was glad to ſend one of her Brothers into the *Levant*, with Woollen Stuffs; another into *France* and *Spain*, with Silks; and to raiſe a Fund for the Third, to ſet him up in a Goldſmith's Shop: All which together were ſufficient to ruffle and diſcompoſe the Mind of any Devil in a Thouſand; and yet his Afflictions did not end here, he had others flung into the Bargain, As there is not a Town in all *Italy* more Extravagant in their Expences, in their Carnivals, and Feaſt of *St. John*, than *Florence*, ſo *Honeſta* upon thoſe Occaſions, muſt needs have her *Roderick* out-do all People of his Rank, in the Sumptuouſneſs of his Entertainments, in the Magnificence of his Balls, and other Diverſions, that are uſual at thoſe Seaſons. He ſuffered all theſe Afflictions, without any outward ſhew of Repining, for the ſame Reaſon, that he endured the reſt; and though theſe Tryals were very hard and unpleaſant, yet he would have thought them ſupportable, if he could have had any grounds to believe, that his Patience would have procured him Quietneſs and Tranquillity in his Family, and that he might peaceably have attended the Hour of his Deſtruction. But *Don Roderick* found the contrary; for, beſides the vaſt Expences, which, as you have heard, ſhe occaſioned, her Pride and Inſolence drew upon him a Thouſand other Inconveniencies, inſomuch, that he could not keep either Officer, or Servant in his Houſe, above three Days together. This was a Severity he did not dream off, and he was very much troubled to find it impoſſible for him, to keep any Domeſticks, though never ſo well experienced in his Affairs, and effected to his Perſon: Nor indeed could any one blame his Servants for deſiring to be diſcharged, when the Devils themſelves, whom he had

had brought with him out of the Infernal Regions chose rather to return, and Toast the Souls of their Feet at the Fire of Hell, than live in this World under the Dominion of so *Supe-devilish* a Woman.

Roderick's Life being thus miserably uncomfortable, and the Stock, which he had reserved, exhausted by his Wife's Extravagancies, he was reduced to so low an Ebb that all his hopes depended upon the Advantage he should make, by the return of some Vessels, which he had sent into the *East* and *West*. And whereas before, he had the best Credit of any Man in *Florence*, yet to continue it and keep up his Port, he was necessitated to borrow Money from Usurers: but they being a sort of People who are neither drousy, nor negligent in their Affairs, quickly took Notice, that he was not over punctual at his Day of Payment. His Purse being now empty, and he reduced to the lowest Extremity, at one Instant received News of two as unhappy Accidents, as was possible befal him. The first unwelcome Piece of Tidings was, that one of *Hon sta*'s Brothers had Squandred away in Gaming, all that *Roderick* had intrusted him with: and the other, no less comfortable, informed him that his other Brother-in-Law, was cast away and the Ship, and all the Cargo lost. No sooner did this News (and Ill-news flies with the Wings of the Wind) reach the Ears of his Creditors, than they had a Meeting, to consider of the properest Methods, for Recovery of their respective Debts. They gave him over as a Bankrupt: a Man not able to pay a Ducat in the Pound: and whereas the time of Payment of the several Notes, was not expired, they concluded that he should be narrowly watch'd, lest he should chouse them by shewing them a light Pair of Heels, or by paying them (as they do in other Countries) *with an Half fair Wind*. *Don Roderick* on the other Hand, began to reflect upon his Affairs, which were past Remedy, and to think upon the Terms to which he was ty'd down by the Infernal Law, and to avoid Imprisonment, and other Inconveniencies, resolves to take Horse and be gone without

without delay: and this he performed without any difficulty, for his House was conveniently situated for that purpose, by the Port *del Prato*. He had no sooner march'd off, but the Alarm was given to his Creditors, who repairing immediately to the Magistrates, and representing their Case to them, obtained an Order to pursue *Roderick*; which they not only put in Execution, with Post, and Bailiffs, but lest a number of Ducats should corrupt that sort of Cattle, who are no honester in *Italy*, than in other Places, and prevail with them for an Abatement of their speed, they themselves follow'd in a full Body, impatient of hearing some Tidings of poor fugitive *Roderick*. He in the mean time was no Fool, but considering very well what he had to do, as soon as he had gallop'd half a League from *Florence*, quitted the Highway, and his Horse with it, (the Country being enclosed, and full of Ditches, on both sides and was forced to take the rest of his Journey on Foot, which he did very successfully. He crossed the Country, wandring up and down, under the Shelter of the Vines and Reed's that abound much in those Parts, 'till at length he arrived at *Peretola*, and came to the House of *Jean Matteo del Fricca*, Baily to *Jean del Fene*.

Roderick, half frighten'd out of his Wits, had the good Fortune to meet *Matteo*, carrying to fodder his Cattle; he accosts him immediately in the following Manner, for he knew that no time was to be lost, hearing a Post-horn at no great distance from him. Honest Friend, says he, I am pursued by Catchpoles: but I promise upon the Word and Honour of a Gentleman, that if you will protect me from the Clutches of those ravenous Wolves, who are in pursuit of me with design to clap me up in Prison, and starve me there, I have an Invention in my Head which will make you rich out of Hand. If I do not give you such Evidence before I depart, as shall assure you of my Truth and Fidelity, (says he, with a damn'd Imprecation,) I will be content to be delivered up to them that persecute me. Now, you must understand, that though *Matteo* was but a

Plowman

Plowman, yet he was a Fellow that had cunning enough and knew on which ſide his Bread was buttered. He wiſely conſidered, that if he undertook to protect and ſecure *Roderick*, and that he ſhould not afterwards perform his Promiſe, yet he could loſe nothing by it; and on the other Hand, if *Roderick* would be as good as his Word, he ſhould be made for ever; he therefore conſents to ſecure him in the beſt Manner, he could contrive, and placing him upon a Dunghil, covered him over with Bruſh-faggots, and ſuch other like Fewel, as lay in readineſs for the Fire. This was ſcarce done, when in came the Creditors, and Catchpoles, with full cry; they huff'd, ſwagger'd, and behaved themſelves like Lords, but all to no purpoſe, for they might have ſaved their breath to cool their Porridge. *Matteo* could not be perſuaded to confeſs, that he ſo much as ſaw *Roderick* ſo that having ſearch'd all about to no purpoſe, they continued their Purſuit, but without any Succeſs; and at laſt being wearied, and giving *Roderick* over for loſt, they return'd to *Florence*, every jot as wiſe as they were, before they ſet out. The Coaſt being clear, and the Alarm over, *Matteo* goes private to the Dunghill, where he had left *Roderick*, gives him a little freſh Air, and conjures him to perform his Promiſe. *Roderick* half dead with fear, ſtunk worſe than a Pole-cat, however he was very honeſt, and I dare ſay, that never any Devil of them all, as to matters of Gratitude, had more of a Gentleman in him. He gave *Matteo* thanks, and frankly own'd the kindneſs he had receiv'd, he ſwore over and over again, that he would do whatever lay in his Power to diſcharge himſelf of his Promiſe, and in the Height of his Compliments, to convince him that what he had promiſed, he meant to perform, he gave him the whole Story, as you have had it; and at laſt he told him the very Method, that he had pitch'd upon to make him happy. Know then, ſaid he, that when you hear of any Lady, that is poſſeſſed, 'tis no other Devil, but I, who have entered into her; and you may depend upon't, I will never leave her, 'till you your ſelf appear, and ask me to come out

of

of her; After which, you have Wit enough to make your own Terms for your Payment. They had very few Words more; *Roderick* began to cut a few Capers, ſhew'd him two or three juggling Tricks, and vaniſh'd on ſudden.

Matteo was in a peck of Troubles, and very uneaſy in his Mind, to think that he had any thing to do with the Devil; one while he was for revealing the whole ſecret to his *Father Confeſſor*, but then again he prudently conſidered, that ſuch a Confeſſion would lay him under the Laſh and Juriſdiction of the Bloody *Inquiſition*, from whence ſhe ſhould inevitably be ſent head-long to Hell, there to wait the Arrival of his Friend, *Belphegor*. At other times, he would revolve in his Mind, that the Devil was a Lyar, and that of Courſe he would not perform his Promiſe, and ſo he ſhould not be a Farthing the richer for him; but if he had delivered him up to his Creditors, he might have got ſomething by it. With theſe, and ſuch like Doubts and Anxieties, poor *Matteo* was diſturbed for ſeveral Days; inſomuch that he not only neglected his own, but alſo the Buſineſs of his Maſter, *Jean del Rene*. His Wife, who was none of the beſt tempered, and obedient Wives in the World, (for ſhe verified the old Proverb, *the Gray Mare* is the better Horſe,) obſerving the Condition he was in, asked him, in her domineering Way, whether he was turned a Sot, a Mope, or if he where *bedevil'd*? Ha! *Bedevil'd*! Says *Matteo* to himſelf, how, in the Name of *Luciſer*, has ſhe happened to hit the right Nail on the Head! I'll be hang'd, ſays he, but that Rogue *Belphegor*, has entered into my Wife, before he took his Flight elſewhere, and ſo I ſhall have a fine Kettle of fiſh to fry. Come, come, ſays the Wife, tell me, me the Truth, or the *Inquiſition* ſhall fetch it out of you. I have perceived you for ſome time paſt, to walk poring upon the Ground, and muttering ſtrange Words, and broken Sentences, and often mentioning the Devil. *Matteo* could not deviſe which way to pacify his Wife; but after a Small Pauſe, he told her, that he had had a Dream, which gave him great Uneaſineſs, and wiſh'd ſhe would

would promiſe not to diſcloſe it, he would tell it to her, but deſired three Days time to recollect himſelf, and recal his ſcatter'd Senſes. This pacify'd her, and a Truce was agreed to accordingly; but before the Expiration of the Time, there was a great Noiſe throughout *Florence* that Seigniora *Ambroſia*, one of the Daughters of *Amidei*, and married to *Bonaculo Thebalducci's* Son, was poſſeſſed. This News began to revive the drooping Spirits of *Matteo*, and he was very angry with himſelf for having traduced a Gentleman of ſo much Worth and Honour, as *Belphegor*. The Father, Mother, Husband, and other Relations, did not fail to uſe all the Remedies, that are uſual in ſuch a deplorable caſe, in order to have *Ambroſia*, diſpoſſeſſed: They brought before her *St. Zenobes* Head, *St. J. Galberts* Cloak, and the Bones of *St. Dunſtan*, who once took the Devil by the Noſe, with a Pair of Tongs; but theſe were nothing elſe than Nuts and Apples to *Belphegor*, and made him laugh moſt immoderately; for there was no body in her, but *Don Roderick de Caſtile*, who was as ingenious a Gentleman-devil as ever tread in ſhoe-leather; and to make the World ſenſibly, that this was no fantaſtick Imagination, nor Fit of the Night-Mare, no Whim no Sham, but that ſhe was really poſſeſs'd, ſhe ſpeke Latin better than *Tully* ever writ, diſputed in Philoſophy, and diſcovered the Secrets and Sins of ſeveral People that came to ſee her, who were very much ſurpriſed to find the Devil concern himſelf, with thoſe kind of Affairs: Nay, ſhe chopt Logick with the Prieſts, and puzzled every one of them,

Among the reſt that came to Viſit this afflicted Creature, there was a Holy Father, of a venerable Aſpect, and a Man of reputed Piety, Sanctity, and Auſterity of Life; but *Ambroſia* did him a great Diskindneſs in blabbing out before the whole Company, that he had kept a pritty brown Girl, four Years together in his Cell, under the Habit of a young Monk, and from thence, that is, from ſuch a Diſcovery, let the World judge, whether the *Poſſeſſion* was not like to be true

Amidei

Amidei in the mean time, was in great Affliction for his Daughter; he had try'd all the Means, and Methods, that Phyſick or Religion could propoſe, but to no purpoſe: So that he was brought to the deepeſt point of Deſpair, when *Matteo* came to him, and undertook the Cure of his Daughter, provided he would give him three hundred Ducats, which were to be diſpoſed in a Goldſmith's Hand, and *no Cure no Money*; which Sum he deſigned to lay out in the Purchaſe of an Eſtate at *Peretola*. *Matteo* to give him his due, was a very honeſt Fellow, and would have done the Miracle *Gratis*, and like a Gentleman, but his Pockets were empty, and he had great occaſion for Caſh at that time. Seignior *Amidei* accepts the Conditions, and *Matteo* falls to Work; he began very civilly with Maſſes and other Ceremonies, that he might appear more formal in the Buſineſs, and bring ſome Griſt to the Frieſts Mills. At laſt he ſteals up to the Lady's Ear, calls *Roderick*, and tells him he was come thither, not only to remind him, but alſo to Claim the Performance of his Promiſe. I am Content, ſays *Roderick*, and that you may ſee that I will deal with you, like a Man of Honour, though I am a Perſon of Quality, take Notice, that becauſe this Expedition is not ſufficient to enrich you, I will befriend you more than once? for which Reaſon, as ſoon as I am departed from hence, I will take up my Quarters in the Daughter of *Charles*, the King of *Naples*. You need not fear, but I will ſtick to her until you come to exorciſe her, ſo that by ſuch a Hit, you may make up your Market at once, and be conſiderable for ever; but be ſure not to trouble me any more, after that time. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he whips out of the Lady in a Trice, and was gone to the great Joy and Aſtoniſhment of all the People in the Town of *Florence*.

Nothing was now talkt of, but the Miracle perform'd by *Matteo*, to whom they gave the Title of *Seignior*, as having worthily deſerved it: He goes immediately to the Gold-

Gold-smith's, and demands his three hundred Ducats, which were paid him punctually, with Cap in Hand. Home he goes with a Heart full of Joy; delivers the Money to his Wife, for he durst not do otherwise, and told her, that that was the Fruit of his Dream. Ah, marry says she, this is dreaming to the Purpose; Dear Husband dream once more, and get us another Sum, and we may take a House in *Florence*. *Matteo* thanked her very kindly, but resolved to put a Spoke in her Wheel, and to curb the Wings of her Ambition; he knew the extravagant Temper of the Women of *Florence* too well, and resolved to take Warning by *Roderick*'s Fate.

Belphegor, in the mean time, was as good as his Word, according to his Promise to *Matteo*; and in three or four Days it was all over *Italy*, that the Daughter of *Charles*, King of *Naples*, was possessed; this was good News for *Matteo*, who now concluded that he should be as rich as *Crœsus*. The King try'd all the ways that could be imagined, to have his Daughter dispossessed; the Monks went to work with their Beads, their Crosses, their Holy Water, their Relicks, and a thousand other insignificant Trifles, but all to no purpose. At last they had recourse to Prayers, and Invocation of Saints, but without any Effect, for the Devil a Step would *Roderick* stir, till *Matteo* himself came, who had formerly obliged him. The King grieved and lamented very much, and laid to Heart the wretched State and Condition of his distressed Daughter; but hearing what had happened at *Florence*, he sends away immediately for *Matteo*, though he placed little Faith in what a Lay-man could do, since the Religious of all Orders could not perform the Miracle. *Matteo* obeys the King's Summons, hastens to Court, and after some few Ceremonious Formalities, framed for the better concealment of the pretended Mystery, he cures the King's Daughter. *Roderick*, however, before his Departure, (as mentioned in the Chronicle) accosted him in this Manner: You see, *Matteo*, I have been as good as my Word; you are become a rich Man on a sudden, and may live in Ease and Plenty for the future: So that if I am not greatly mistaken, I have discharged all Obligations, and acquitted my self of my Promise to you, very handsomely, and honestly. Have a care therefore hereafter how you come near me, for as I have done hitherto you Knight Service, hence forward I will do you as much Mischief as I can; and remember that from this Minute, I declare myself an Enemy to you, and to all Mankind. *Matteo* was not a little disquieted at this Declaration; but having received five thousand Ducats from the King of *Naples*, he returns to *Florence*, purchases the Estate of his Master *Jean del Be-*

at *Peretola*, and thought of nothing now, but a peaceable Enjoyment of what he had got. He never imagined that *Roderick* would do him any harm, or had any Design to interrupt the Tranquillity he now propoſed to himſelf for the future: but he ſoon found himſelf croſs-bit, by a Report out of *France*, that the Daughter of *Lewis* VII. was likewiſe poſſeſſed. This News, which was by no Means pleaſing to *Matteo*, flung him into a Fit of the Gripes, and troubled him exceedingly: On the one Hand he was not ignorant of the Power of that Prince, which he very much dreaded; and then again on the other, he remember'd *Roderick*'s laſt Words, which were like ſo many Arrows in his Side. He was apprehenſive every Hour that a Meſſenger would come for him, and indeed that which he greatly feared happened unto him. For the *French* King being informed of the Cures which *Matteo* had wrote, diſpatch'd a Courier to him immediately, to deſire his Company at *Paris*. He would willingly have declined the Honour the King did him: He make a hundred Excuſes, and among the reſt, ſaid that he was weak and infirm, very much indiſpoſed, and rendered uncapable of ſerving his Majeſty in the manner he required. But all this ſerv'd only to procure him a little longer time; for the *French* King being informed of what had paſſed, writes immediately to the Magiſtrates of *Florence*, threatening to attack their Town if they did not ſend *Matteo* to him without delay. Hereupon they called a Council, and reſolv'd to deliver up *Matteo*, rather than have an Enemy come into their Country. They ſeized him at *Peretola*, and ſent him away under a ſtrong Guard, who had Orders not to quit him, till he was delivered to the King of *France*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, *Matteo* was in great Affliction, becauſe he knew not how to perform what was expected from him: At laſt he goes to the King, and addreſſed him in the following Manner: May it pleaſe your Majeſty, I have formerly it is true, wrought two Cures in this kind, one on the Daughter of *Amidei* of *Florence*, and the other on the Daughter of *Charles* King of *Naples*; but I hope, that your Majeſty will not expect that I can *diſpoſſeſs* all People, I meet with: For there are ſome Devils ſo refractory and croſs-grain'd, that neither Threats, nor Inchantments; nor even Devotion work any good with them. I therefore humbly beſeech your Majeſty, to take into your Princely Conſideration that I am a very ignorant Layman; and that if the Holy Fathers of the Church, with their Prayers, Faſting, and Watching, can not perform what you require, much leſs is it to be expected from me, who am a very vile Sinner. I ſpeak not this out of any Repugnancy or Unwillingneſs, to ſerve your Ma-

jesty, and make the Princess whole: but in case my best E-
deavours should prove ineffectual, that I may have your M
jesty's most gracious Pardon. The King was stark mad
this Speech, he storm'd, he rav'd, he tore like a Madman
Earth worm, said he, know that I am King of *France*, th
greatest Monarch in the Universe; and I tell you in pla
Terms, that if you do not rout the Devil out of my Daug
ter, as you have done out of others, I will send you hea
long to Hell: You shall be hang'd forthwith, for I see
Reason why Miracles are not as feasible at *Paris*, as at *F*
rence and *Naples*; our Religion is the same, our Priests
Religious as theirs, we adore all the Saints, and therefo
look to your self, either perform the Cure, or be hang'd.

These Words put poor *Matteo* into a cold Sweat; he wish
himself again at *Feretola* in his former Station, as Bailiff
Jean del Bene, and that he had never seen the Face of *Ro*
rick: He could not perswade himself that there was any Pl
sure in being hang'd, but was thoroughly convinced that th
King was in Earnest, and would certainly put his Menac
in Execution. Pausing therefore a while, or at least pr
tending to do so, he call'd for the Princess that was possess'
and approaching to her, he whisper'd in her Ear, and to
Roderick, he was very much his humble Servant, and
quested that he would remember the good Office he ha
done him, when he deliver'd him out of the Talons of th
Catchpoles; and that if he left him now in the Lurch,
the World would exclaim against his Ingratitude. *Roder*
heard what he had to say; then he swagger'd, swore, a
laid about him like a Devil in good Earnest. He gave hi
ten thousand ill Words, but they could distinguish on
these few at the last; O thou rascally Traytor! have y
the Impudence to come near me again? Have you forg
that it was I who made your Fortune? but the World sha
see, and you too with a Pox to you, that I can take awa
as well as give: And now I sware by the Crown of *Plu*
and the Slippers of *Proserpine*, (which I think is swearing fro
the Crown of the Head to the Sole of the Foot) that all y
can say, shall not induce me to move from hence. I'll ke
my *Possession*, [which is eleven Points in Twelve of the La
and since you are such a presumptuous and audacious Rasc
I will have the Pleasure of seeing you hang'd here in *Pa*

Poor *Matteo* meeting with such a Repulse and such Men
ces, was griev'd to the Heart; he saw no Remedy for h
Misfortunes, except he could think of some Stratagem to d
lude the Devil. A lucky Thought came into his Head, a
if that failed, he concluded that he must patiently submit
be hang'd: He ordered the Princess to be conveyed to
Ch

Chamber; which done, he thus addreſſes himſelf to the King. I had the Honour to tell your Majeſty before, that there are certain ill-natur'd capricious Spirits, with whom one knows not which way to deal; and of this ſort, is he, who poſſeſſes your Daughter. If what I ſhall adminiſter may be ſufficient, your Majeſty will then be happy in your Deſires, and I in mine; but if contrary to Expectation, things ſhould prove otherwiſe, and your Majeſty be not ſatisfied with my honeſt Endeavours, I ſhall ſubmit, and you may uſe me as I deſerve. In the mean time I would deſire you to give Order, that a Theatre be erected in the Church-yard of *Noſtre Dame*, capacious enough to contain all the Nobility and Clergy in the Town: And let this Theatre, if your Majeſty's Approbation be ſuch, be hung with Cloath of Gold, and other rich Stuffs, and an Altar ſet up in the Middle by Sunday next. I deſire your Majeſty to be preſent, with all the Princes and Nobility in *Paris*, and after a Grand Maſs is ſung, let the Princeſs be brought alſo: Beſides theſe Preparations, it will be abſolutely neceſſary that there be twenty Perſons at leaſt, with Trumpets, Hautboys, Horns, Drums, and Cymbals ready in ſome bye Place, at the Signal given of my throwing up my Cap in the Air, to advance towards the Theatre with all the Noiſe they can make, which Muſick, together with ſomething elſe which I ſhall do, will, I hope, ſend the Devil out of the Princeſs.

The King gave immediate Orders to have every thing done as *Matteo* directed, and Sunday being come, the Theatre was throng'd with a Multitude of Perſons of Quality, the Church-yard of *Noſtre Dame* was full of People, and the Princeſs led in by two Biſhops, accompanied by ſeveral Lords of the Court. *Roderick* was in a terrible Amaze, to behold ſuch a magnificent Preparation, and pondering a while, was over-heard to ſpeak to this effect: *How finely I am guarded! led into this Theatre by two Biſhops, who make Religion the leaſt part of their Study! their Jowls are as red as Turkey-Cocks, and their Paunches are a plain Demonſtration that they Feaſt oftner than they Faſt; their ruddy Complexions ſhew, that they are true Sons of* Bacchus, *and yet their Mock-Sanctity makes them paſs for Men of Piety and Devotion, tho' in reality they are as grand Hypocrites as any* Presbyterians *in* Europe. *They go upon their Knees to a young pretty Wench, with more* Zeal *and* Ardour *than they do to any Saint above; and make their Addreſſes to her with greater* Fervency: *But I ſhall remember them, when they deſcend to our Dominions, and ſhew them the Civility of Hell, for I ſcorn to be behind hand with any Men. But I would fain know what this Raſcal, Peaſant, this Scoundrel* Matteo, *intends to do: I have ſeen many Places, I have more than*

one

once ſeen the whole Pomp of Heaven, nor am I ignorant of what is moſt formidable in Hell, yet I cannot tell what to make of all this. But I will baudle the Rogue, and if I fail, Pluto *requite me.*

Upon this *Matteo* came up to him, and deſired him civilly to depart; but *Roderick* cry'd out, *How cunning you are, do you think to ſave your ſelf from my Power, and the Indignation of the King by ſuch a Fetch as this! you may think what you will, you Scoundrel, but I am reſolved you ſhall hang for it, or elſe let me paſs for the moſt miſerable, ignorant, poor-ſpirited Devil in Hell.* *Matteo* perſiſted in his Requeſt, and at laſt told him plainly, That if he would not depart quietly, he would repent of his Obſtinacy; for one was coming who would ſend him away with a Flea in his Ear. *Belphegor* gave him worſe Language than before, and told him he was an illiterate Puppy, otherwiſe he muſt have known, that no Devil can repent. Hereupon, without more ado, he threw his Cap up into the Air, and at that Inſtant, the Trumpets, Hautboys, Horns, Drums, and Cymbals, ſtruck up and advanced towards the Theatre. *Roderick* was ſtartled at the Noiſe, and made it to appear, that ſome Devils are as timerous as Men, and not able to imagine the Reaſon, he called out to *Matteo*, and ask'd what was the Matter? *Matteo* being a cunning Rogue, with a Countenance ſeemingly full of Compaſſion, anſwers him thus: Do you ask what is the Matter? alas poor *Roderick*, too much, too much indeed; had you comply'd with my Requeſt you might have prevented all this, but 'tis now too late. Know then, that by my Inſtigation, the *French* King has ſent a Poſt Chaiſe to bring your Wife *Honeſta*, from *Florence*, and ſhe is juſt arriv'd, and now entering the Theatre. *The Devil give you thanks for your Project, thou Son of a Whore: Wife! Wife! Ounds, ſaid he, that is a Sound more terrible than the Cry of Fire at Midnight, Come come, it is high time for me to pack up my my Awls and be gone.* So without ſpeaking one Word more, he ſtole away from the Princeſs, chuſing rather to return to Hell, and give up his Accounts there, than to be forced again into the Thraldom of Matrimony, that had already occaſioned ſo much Vexation and Trouble.

As ſoon as he arrived he demanded Audience, and in the Preſence of *Pluto*, *Æacus*, *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and the reſt of the infernal Privy-Council, he declared upon his Corporal Oath, that the Souls of Men were in the right on't, and that 'twas their Wives who ſent them to Hell. *Matteo*, who had out-witted the Devil, returns to *Florence* in great Triumph. The Chronicle does not mention of any great matter, that King gave him, but it ſays, that having gain'd ſufficiently by the two former, he looked upon himſelf to be a happy Man, in having eſcaped hanging at *Paris*. FINIS.